

GRADUATION NUMBER



THE
STUDENT'S PEN
June, 1923



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The STUDENT'S PEN

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Valedictory---Peace Among Nations

Five years ago the greatest war the world has ever known came to an end. Everyone, conqueror, vanquished and neutral alike rejoiced at its termination. When the armistice was signed, the people war weary and tired from the long years of fighting spent the day in joyous celebration. Then after a time when the soldiers commenced to arrive home, they also expressed their weariness and hatred of war. What is there about war that leads to this universal dislike?

During a war almost everyone has some direct concern with it. Generally a person has a husband, son or brother fighting with the forces. No one wishes to send his or her dearest one to the front and many are the hours of anxiety and suspense passed by the people at home. Then, as often happens, news comes of the soldier being killed in action, and so suffering and sorrow are caused.

Another phase of war is the economic consequence. Money is spent like water in order to send up supplies and munitions to keep the army properly equipped as a fighting machine. To get the money to do this, the government raises the taxes, issues bonds, and borrows from foreign countries. So, not only during the time of war are people burdened with taxes that they can scarcely meet, but long afterward they continue to pay in an effort to reduce the national debt incurred during the war. Even where there has been no war and there is no debt to be paid, a large proportion of the people's taxes is used to maintain an army and navy to protect the country in case of war.

Is it any wonder the end of the world war found the people ready for peace? However, in the negotiations, jealousies and misunderstandings arose with the result that a true peace was not brought to the world. Webster defines peace as, "harmony or amicable relations between individuals or nations." No one would say that harmony exists between the nations of Europe at this day. The Germans are as savage in their hate of the French for occupying the Ruhr as the French were in their hate of the Germans for devastating the French territory during the war. This smouldering hatred of the Germans is apt to cause an explosion that may again plunge the whole world into war. I say the whole world for if there was another general war the United States would become engaged in it just as surely as she did in 1917.

There is one force that can successfully cope with the hatred and distrust that cause most wars and which seem likely to bring on another one. This is to be found in an association of nations which will settle questions by arbitration. It is necessary for the U. S. to join such an organization if it is to be a success and more than that it is her duty to join, for the U. S. now has an excellent opportunity to lead the world to peace.

This country emerged from the war the creditor nation of the world. We are without doubt the world's best market. We are a friend every nation wants. We still enjoy the love and respect of the masses in foreign countries due partly to the foreigners here who write home glowing tales of us and partly to our having saved a large percentage of the lives of the children in Europe by our relief work. Thus the position of the U. S. is such that any movement she is connected with is given prestige by her participation and she can readily direct the proceedings toward a lasting peace. We did much toward removing the envy, jealousy, and fear which cause war by calling the Disarmament Conference. Even though a great deal was accomplished here, it cannot be said that the U. S. has done all she can toward removing distrust between nations until she has joined an association such as the World Court or the League of Nations.

Objections are raised by some against the U. S. entering either of these organizations. There are those who raise a great clamor about our entering into foreign entanglements. However, the time has past for Americans to say that we are not concerned with European affairs and that since our forefathers had nothing to do with Europe, we should continue to follow this policy designed for conditions that no longer exist. Modes of travel and communication have changed and have brought Europe closer to us. Ships make the journey across the ocean in less than a week, dirigibles and seaplanes have crossed in less than 48 hours, while messages can be sent and answers received in very short spaces of time. Because of these inventions we can no longer consider ourselves isolated from the world.

There are faults that are found in the structure of the World Court and of the League of Nations but naturally, they cannot be perfect at first. However, their purpose is an excellent one and it would seem that the people of the U. S. should be willing to join an alliance for permanent peace. The main objection to our becoming a member appears to be that we would become entangled in foreign affairs. But it is far better to be "entangled" in an alliance for peacefully settling the affairs of the world than to be drawn into a conflict as in 1917.

Frank D. White

Salutatory

For Democracy's Sake

American civilization—American education! How often and with what pride are these words spoken by our fellow citizens. But though these words are so commonly upon the lips of many of our friends, yet there remains within the boundaries of this great industrial nation a class, a great division of humanity which has but faintly heard this cry, a class whose hearts have never swelled with the knowledge of their intellectual attainments.

Yet this very class is the bed rock of this country's advancement. Upon the honest labor of our every day labor—our industrial worker has been reared America's boast of wealth and prosperity. Through his toil we have gained our institutions and our knowledge. America's standard of living is recognized the world over as the highest. We are envied as the richest political organization rivalling

all Europe. For the heroes who have raised us to this position of honor and glory we must look to the old country, to the simple industrious people of Europe.

This hardy group of hand workers has remained in our midst—untrained, little educated. What small learning which has been offered to them by our schools has been lost and destroyed unnoticed so vast is the advancing horde of eager emigrants pouring through our gates. These people uncared for and unaided have become the prey of much revolutionary propaganda. It has been natural for them to protest against the harsh and unsympathetic treatment at the hands of ambitious American business men. By a misunderstanding of our newer system of representative government the protests were misdirected. They blamed not the industries but the government which they thought had harmed them. In an attempt to retaliate and destroy this government they fill the rank of such parties as the I. W. W. or Reds. Thus were created the present revolutionary organizations which now over run the country. The spirit is the same spirit which has existed ever since one man gained authority over his fellow. It is essentially the same as that exhibited in the Magna Charta. The French Revolution and the Declaration of Independence. The question is not whether the motives which control these men are justifiable but rather whether they are reasonable, whether they will benefit the whole country.

Like all powerful and wealthy nations America is confident of her prosperity, foolishly believing herself unvulnerable—indestructable. What will happen when our trusty laborer walks out from under his burden, letting down the props which now hold with such apparent security our vast and completed system?

The time is inevitable, we cannot escape it. As the conditions of the world settle down again to a normal basis and prosperity and good fortune again smile on Europe we will find in the ranks of our immigrants not the slovenly illiterate wretched fugitive from the oppressive systems of the "Old World" but in his place a keen intelligent industrious adventurer, seeking our shores for greater possibilities in the development and utilization of their talents.

The present restrictions on immigration have in some measure given us a glimpse into the future into the coming labor problems which will demand attention. Let us consider how far they have already progressed.

As the supply of unskilled labor has rapidly dwindled in the last few years great corporations struggling for labor have increased their wage without sufficient results. At first the depleted ranks were filled from the inferior classes of brain workers. But these men, beginning to see faintly ahead higher goals have on their increased wage endeavored to give their children the best possible mental training so that the coming generation may have better opportunities for finding happiness than were given to their parents. We can expect only a temporary relief from this quarter.

Then the great industrial plants still waging the never ending conflict for more cheap help and still more help have tempted the communities valuable skilled workers by the bright glitter of gold. Our hospitals are suffering terribly from this loss. In every city one hears the cry for nurses to take up the task of saving lives. The present numbers are woefully inadequate. Many suffering

patients are forced to wait for treatment and some die as the result of delay. We can no longer attempt to continue the wise policy of prevention when Health Departments are so busy trying to save the dying.

In our school the ever increasing student body cannot be supplied with sufficient numbers of teachers and lecturers. The teachers are over burdened, they are forced to undertake more than their ability will allow. Thus the standards of education are lowered.

We must come up to the conclusion that we have a working population too small for the great demands made upon it. What can be done to save ourselves. Shall we sit by and watch this our nation, the fairest and finest experiment in democracy which the world has yet seen, crash to the ground without raising hand to stay the disaster. Shall we resign ourselves to the sad necessity of returning to the slave system, a system for which so much has been sacrificed to abolish it as being inconsistent with democracy. Greece developed on slavery the finest culture ever known at expense of great numbers of fellow men held in bondage. However, Americans rebel at such an open enslavement as a practice hardly in keeping with the present theories of the equality of men. To adopt such a practice would involve the rejection of all the lofty sentiment embodied in the Declaration of Independence. As conditions stand today there is little between a serf of feudal times and the modern slave.

It is inevitable that we cannot all be happy and intelligent. Shall we admit that our civilization (such as it is) may not be kept up for all alike. Must we, the foremost inventors of our time, admit defeat when we are faced with the problem of maintaining a true democracy for all and not for the few?

We have seen that the supply of hand workers is adequate.

We realize that it is undesirable to forcibly place men in our industries to keep them in operation.

Is there a solution?

It would be practically impossible to change the order of things, as the population and opinions differ today, to enforce by legislation the desired reforms. We all know what has happened to the Volstead Act. And Why? Because the people were not yet sufficiently educated to realize its beneficial influence. They had not yet advanced enough to value and respect its purpose. The thing which creates or strengthens a government is the inspiration, the enthusiasm of the people to make it a success.

No government can advance more rapidly than the intellectual development of its creators but just as surely does no government lag behind the enlightenment and wisdom of its designers. If we of America do as one great whole desire a just democratic government we shall be able to reach the goal. If the schools and the parents can teach the rising generation to desire and respect such a government though it involves a self-sacrifice on their part we shall have gone far toward obtaining it. The difficulties encountered on the way will be restrictions placed there by our own limitations.

Can we desert the old exultant sense of achievements and unfounded sense of intellectual superiority and face without discouragement our failures, in order that we may learn and show to the world a government such as men have dreamed of since Greece was in her infancy.

Can we keep alive within our hearts honestly and sincerely the principles for which our fathers struggled, the principles which were incorporated in our government at the beginning, the equality of all men, not alone in a political sense but also in our services and consideration for them.

Can we as a nation renounce the habit of material possession which has become with us an obsession and do it with the conviction that it is incompatible with democracy.

Can we as one people look the whole world straight in the eye and say in noble words of the Constitution—We the People of the United States in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity do ordain and uphold the ideals and glory of America.

Charles B. Lockwood

"The Stranger Within Thy Gates"

America, the melting pot, seems to be the meeting-place of all peoples, the World's experimental station in Brotherhood, where all of us learn that other nations are not barbarians, that other races are not inferior, and that other faiths are not Godless.

Never before in our history has the question of Americanization loomed larger on the horizon of our national success. The admission of new foreigners is not so vital a matter as the assimilation of those immigrants already come to our shores.

This question has for me a very personal interest because of school-day associations. My first years in school were spent in a district that boasted of inhabitants no more foreign than a few French-Canadians. My removal to Pittsfield and consequent entrance into one of your public schools placed me in a very different atmosphere. There I found myself surrounded by representatives of many nationalities. The novelty of the situation and an inherent curiosity led me to begin and to continue to make mental notes of the distinguishing characteristics of these stranger peoples.

Certain very natural tendencies on the part of foreigners render the task of assimilation a difficult one. The immigrants, as soon as they are admitted, seek out a group of their own race, thus establishing what is known as a "foreign quarter". This district, by virtue of its language, customs, and religion, becomes a bit of the fatherland transplanted to American soil. The alien continues to live as he did at home. He loses all opportunity for adjusting himself to American standards. He is still a foreigner.

On the other hand, the very natural tendencies of Americans serve to encourage this isolation of foreigners. We Americans, who are so proud of our American ancestry for three or four generations previous, are very snobbish toward untitled foreigners. However, American women, especially, have shown themselves more than willing to patronize the waves of foreign nobility that inundate our country, season after season. We are selfish, ultra-conservative, and prejudiced. We fail to recognize the really good qualities that other nations are trying to contribute through the medium of their immigrants.

Always we are confronted by what is known as racial prejudice. The idea that East is East, and West is West seems to be permanently instilled into our trend of thought and opinion. That sentiment is hardest of all to eradicate.

Generalizations and blanket statements are, at best, not only fatiguing, but dangerous. Hence we come to earth in a spot that should be well known to all of you. A few statistics will suffice to acquaint you with the Americanization problem of Pittsfield. By accurate count, Pittsfield's foreign population includes 4,500 Italians, 1,600 Polish, 1,000 Russians, 150 Greeks, 100 Portuguese, and several hundreds of other nationalities. Certainly a field of opportunity! And fortunately an army, though its ranks are few, is already in that field. Americanization classes are gaining headway.

Just here (I hope to be pardoned for the digression) I am proud to say that Americanization work in Pittsfield was begun by women. Such organizations as the D. A. R., Wednesday Morning Club, and College Club began and continued this civic service until the State assumed an interest and responsibility.

To resume: the classes are teaching, not only English and Civics, but American ideals and standards. However, they perform these functions so well that we have no need to speak further of them. The real problem in Pittsfield concerns every one of you. It is this: How are you going to treat naturalized foreigners? Or in other words, what is your attitude toward the newly-made citizen?

There are five salient points that will answer this question in an American way. They are: First, remember that the man is now an American just as much as you; second, be helpful, assist your fellow citizen in as much as your ability allows; third, (and perhaps the most difficult) try to overcome your prejudice by remembering that character, not language, race, or name, determines true worth; fourth, be honest and serious in your business relationship toward the new Americans; fifth, (and it is oh so important!) refrain from ridicule and mockery. Once a man is an American citizen he is forever immune from any such appellation as Dago, Wop, or Chink.

But why do all this? There are two great fundamental reasons why. First, you, yourself will become a better American. Second, America, too, will more nearly approach the ideals of those men who gave their lives that this nation might live.

Rachel Sheldon

Initiative

Aside from all racial distinction it is common practice to classify men and women according to certain specifications. We are all at least partly familiar with the class differentiation in England and other European countries, where one's standing greatly depends upon birth rank, or in many cases upon the possession of a "well lined purse". Another and more logical method of class rating depends not upon parent, age or money, but upon individuality. This allows us to divide all humanity into three main groups.

In the first group we have the class of men and women who will not do the thing that is right even when they know that it is right. No self respecting person

wishes to belong to this group, yet it exists. The inhabitants of our jails and prisons constitute a large percentage of the membership. The fellow that belongs to this group is always out of a job, and receives contempt that he deserves, unless he has rich antecedents, in which case destiny patiently waits around the corner with a stuffed club.

The second group is made up of those persons who will work and do the thing that is right, but only when there is an external motive power that is forcing them on. The external motive has an unlimited number of sources, but often it comes from the fear of poverty.

Under certain conditions this class often makes considerable progress. For example, we have the student who is faithful in performing his school work, simply because the work was set for him to do. Not infrequently does this type of student make a credible record in high school and college, but in life he is a failure. The explanation is that they have no motive power within themselves. They accept the tasks that others assign, but never learn to direct their own activities. They never know the joy of doing something for themselves. In speaking of this group it is sometimes said that "men are found in the back rooms of lawyers' offices, preparing briefs at \$50 a month, who know more law than the heads of the firm".

The third group now follows. The qualifications of this group is the elimination of the characteristics of the groups already mentioned. In short, the constituents of this group have the will power to do the thing that is right, in one word they have initiative! What can be done with initiative is shown by the attainments of the leaders of today, and has been shown from earliest times by the men who now occupy prominent places in our histories.

America in its youthful days was particularly fortunate in having men with an abundance of initiative. One character especially stands out in my mind as representing the energetic spirit so necessary to give this country its freedom. He, perhaps, is one of the best examples that we have of an ideal American—Benjamin Franklin.

Commencing his career, poor financially yet rich in initiative, he so directed his powers that he became one of the greatest scholars of his time. He was successful in several fields. In literature his "Poor Richard's Almanac" did much to influence the lives of the colonists, while even today his "Autobiography" is considered an English Classic. His achievements in science, especially his discoveries in electricity, gained for him the respect of several European societies for the promotion of science; notably among them the Royal Society in England. His record as a political man deserves special mention. From the time that he was chosen Clerk of Assembly in 1736 until after the Constitution had been made in 1787, a period of 51 years, he served, except for short intervals, in various public offices for American interests.

Initiative as a factor in material progress is shown by the many ways that it has been utilized in free America. Consider the rapid strides that have been made in medicine, sanitation and in industry. The cotton gin, the steam boat, the harvester, the sewing machine, the typewriter, the steel and rubber industries,

the aeroplane, and the science of bridge building are all the results of American study and energy—"the gifts of a free country."

Initiative then is the force causing the attainments in the barometer of life to be lifted to the height of our ability. It is to the third group that we would all wish to belong, even though it has but one entrance requirement—initiative.

Dwight E. Jones

Criticism

Maplewood Institute Association Prize Essay

When a friend one day suggested that "Criticism" was a topic well worth discussing, it occurred to me that one could fill volumes with the subject if only he were capable of handling it. On investigating outside material on "Criticism," however, I wondered why I was able to find so little written about it, and I arrived at the conclusion that the unsuccessful were afraid of such formidable matter while the successful were too busy fighting it to be bothered analyzing its merits or defects. As yet young and unprejudiced, I felt myself eliminated from both these classes, so I determined, since there were so few great works to disprove my statements, to record the scant observations I myself had made on criticism.

As I thought it over, the ideas were not remote, but so numerous that it puzzled me to decide which were the fundamental ones. I considered just and unjust criticism, personal and literary, and the effect of each, first on the individual, then on the group. But knowing that the thing we used to call "Fate" is now recognized in some circles as "results derived from personal characteristics," I resolved to treat criticism's effect on the individual as the most important phase of my subject.

Everyone has encountered the enemy-friend, Criticism. Neither does it require any philosophy to impress upon one his significance. Grim, he stealthily steals up; rarely is his proximity realized until it is too late. Then his victim, stunned and surprised, finds himself suffocating in the enveloping cloak of Criticism. He has caught his adversary whose only redeeming course is to fight his way out, cleared of the enemy.

If he acknowledges himself beaten he loses his vigor; but if he uses his brains and all his intensity he emerges doubly courageous and capable.

But how can so dreadful a creature assume any semblance to a friend? We have seen him, making no distinction between a just and unjust reason, striving to force his opponent into temporary bitterness, and then into disillusioned inactivity of mind. His redeeming features, however, lie in the facts that he abruptly faces the strong with the truth, that he acts as an incentive and thus compels them to develop every ability in their fight for the right. All this tends toward benefiting all.

The hypothesis of life is granted to everyone: opportunity, obstacles and criticism. Required to prove that one may succeed in spite of the last two and with the aid of all three. When criticism is shaping the life of a sensitive man or woman it is a serious part of the proposition. Such people usually are possessed

of the loftiest ideals! It is similarly true that the instinct to develop these ideals is much keener in this type than in others. From this we gather that the sensitive person may accomplish the precedence of standards above reproach if he does not allow himself to be hurt by unsympathetic criticism. Moved by it he suffers in a burning chaos of thwarted genius.

Every community holds two extremes, the hopeless man, and the man who possessing everything desirable still sees happiness ahead of him. The first exists in his indifference to progress. He has lost the ability of being slightly dissatisfied with himself and conditions. The second lives. He feels exalted because of his part in making the world go 'round. The former hated being dissatisfied with himself because others criticised those same faults he recognized; the latter wisely and moderately made this criticism his friend.

Criticism is a somewhat difficult subject to treat because it necessitates some timeworn and far-fetched figures. Napoleon is a wornout figure. Yet this over-worked hero may be held up as a very good example of one who succeeded because he was criticized. I will not go into Napoleon's life, though, except to mention the manner in which he was mocked as a school-boy. Queer in appearance his person did not seem to correspond with his precocious mind; accordingly he endured ridicule of both. But indelibly the thought stamped itself in the child's mind, "Overpower them all, make them beg." They begged, and Napoleon has been criticized ever since.

It is true that talking over criticism does little good in correcting its faults. Nevertheless, one feels less inclined to be gravely influenced by it when he understands its nature. He gradually learns that he can best fight it by merely ignoring its presence. Unheeded, it will soon fade away, and will actually produce a good effect if its lessons are absorbed.

It is natural for the mind to criticize; no human agency can alter a natural function of the mind. But we can control unjust criticism by using generosity in thinking. The other fellow is thus spared unnecessary pain, and efforts which may prove invaluable are encouraged rather than checked in their infancy.

Criticism, common to all, affects the community, any state, and general progress. All of these build themselves out of the individual; and so criticism's effect on that person indirectly assists in bringing about any group reaction. It is a wise thing when it is not carried to excess. It is wise also when it is justifiable. Even when contrary conditions prevail, it indirectly accomplishes good since it goads on strength. Criticism need not always be of the adverse kind; it may add as well as detract. Briefly we may place it in the category of enemy-friend.

Agnes H. Thomson

A Double Tragedy

It was a dull, gloomy day in June 1873. A thin, disagreeable mist was falling. John James Jones was even more gloomy than the day. One year ago, he had "graduated" from an orphan asylum. He was then eighteen years of age, and he had been given a suit of clothes, three sandwiches, and one dollar as a "graduation" present. One year of "shifting for himself" had left him with the same suit

of clothes, nothing to eat, and thirteen cents. He had no home to which he might go, and the mist had already soaked him to the skin.

As this individual was standing on a street corner, thinking which would be the most convenient way to commit suicide, an elderly gentleman, with a white beard, which scarcely seemed to be a part of him, and a pair of dark, flashy eyes which certainly did seem to be a part of him, stopped and asked Jones for a match. The latter noticed particularly as their eyes met that across the old gentleman's face there flashed a look of surprise and interest. It pleased him greatly, for scarcely anyone had showed any interest in him for a year.

"Rather a disagreeable day, isn't it?" was the way the old gentleman opened the conversation.

"Terrible", the lad replied, "Especially for one who must remain outside."

They talked for a while, on the street corner that dull June day, and finally, after listening attentively and sympathetically to Jones' story, his new friend bade him follow him. Poor John James Jones had no idea who this man was, but his despondent state made him more than willing to try something new. They walked together for a mile or so, and soon reached a fashionable hotel, where Jones had once been employed as a bootblack. Here they went in. The old gentleman went straight to the desk, and asked the clerk if any of his friends had been among the new arrivals. The clerk, with some impatience, showed him the register. Jones saw his new friend's finger go down the list, until it came to one name, then the finger trembled; and looking up Jones saw his friend's face grow pale, and his dark eyes flash, partly, it seemed, with fear, but for the most part with anger. But this was only for a moment. The old man quickly put up the register and started up the stairs, after thanking the clerk. The name that had seemingly caused this momentary excitement had been George C. Brest.

Jones' companion showed him into a simple, neat room, and bade him be seated.

"My son", said he, "I think that I can give you a job. When I looked at the hotel register, I perceived that a friend of mine, Mr. George C. Brest, by name is at this hotel. Mr. Brest is a tall, dark, heavy man with strong features and a dark moustache. He has a slight grudge against me for which he would willingly take my life. You are to keep close enough to me so that you may warn me when you see him. That is your new job, Jones. Is it satisfactory?"

As John James Jones was on the point of replying, he noticed the same queer look in the old gentleman's eyes that had been evident when he had first met him. Before he could answer, the old man suddenly asked: "My boy, who were your parents?"

"They told me at the orphanage that my father was killed at Gettysburg, and that my mother died soon afterwards. They never knew my real name, so they called me John James Jones. Someone, who did not want my real name known, brought me to the asylum."

"Thank God! Then, I am your father!"

Jones stood for a moment in surprise and doubt, but both men soon realized that they were father and son, and they embraced, the one taking pride in a son for whom he had spent years searching, the other rejoicing in a father's affection which he had never before experienced.

At that moment the door of the room opened, and on the threshold stood a tall, stalwart man with a dark moustache. He evidently was Mr. Brest. He locked the door quietly behind him, and, without uttering a word, drew out a revolver. Jones' new father tore off his beard, which had apparently been used as a disguise, and there appeared a handsome man of fifty. At last he said, "My son, I rejoice in having found you after such a long search, but I fear our meeting in this world will be brief, as this gentleman has also succeeded in finding *me* after a long search. Farewell, my boy."

Even as he said the last word, the report of the gun was heard, and the father fell, shot through the heart. Even now, not a word was said. Jones stood thunderstruck, unable to move, as this heartless visitor, reloaded the pistol, and fired it. Poor Jones felt a sharp, quick pain in his chest, but it was soon over. Everything grew black, and he fell dead beside his father.

* * * * *

Back in the little town of Ferguson, South Carolina, fifty years prior to the above events, two families had lived side by side in perfect harmony. Frederick T. Carleton was the "black sheep" of one of these families. He had returned from an unsuccessful venture, and had, out of sheer jealousy, murdered a member of the other family. The man who had been thus murdered in cold blood was the father of George C. Brest. Frederick Carleton was the father of James Carleton, and the grandfather of John James Jones, whose rightful name was Charles Carleton. George Brest had sworn, as a mere boy, that none of the descendants of the man who had so cruelly murdered his father should live. James Carleton, an upright, peaceful man, who did not believe in feuds, contrived a plan whereby he might be reported killed in the Civil War. Then he contemplated returning to his wife and child, without fear of his old enemy. But his wife died, before he reached home, without ever knowing that her husband was living. A kind friend took care of Charles for a short time, and then took him to an orphan asylum, giving him a more common name so that Brest might never find him. The latter, however, found traces of James Carleton, and spent many years attempting to avenge his father's death, until at last the golden opportunity arrived, when he found both father and son united, and finished his task.

It is in this way that blameless, honorable men perish on account of the deeds of their ancestors. Some are of the opinion that if they have an account to settle with a certain individual, and that individual dies, the account must be settled with his descendants. The idea is unfair, ungenerous, inhuman, and un-American.

John Barker, Jr.

In Memoriam
Mildred Hall, '24
May 29, 1923

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Class History, June 1923

It was a rainy day in September, nineteen hundred and nineteen that 116 timid children gazed in awe at the massive yellow brick walls, trying to summon enough courage to enter. Once in, we were bewildered at the strange sights and the babble of voices. We were instructed to go to rooms 17 and 20, which would be our home rooms for a year. Owing to the overcrowded condition of our building about one third of our number went to the afternoon session from 1:30 to 4:30. Like all other Freshmen we had to endure the taunts of our upper classmates. Thus passed our first year of High School.

At last we outgrew the title of Freshmen and proudly bore that of Sophomores. No longer need we calmly take the petty insults of our superior classmen. During our second year a few changes were made in the schedule all of which we were recipients. Formerly we had four English recitations a week, but now we have five and therefore received an extra credit. The changing of the hour of dismissal from 1:30 to 2 o'clock saddened the hearts of Freshmen and Seniors alike.

Once more we were promoted in rank, this time to the exalted position of Juniors. We immediately organized our class, Mr. Brierly being our choice for Class Adviser. The officers of our class were chosen with equal deliberation, finally deciding upon Edward Goodrich, Pres.; Rachel Sheldon, Vice Pres.; Susy Strong, Sec.; and Frances Pierce, Treas. We drew up a Class Constitution which yet has to be surpassed by any class in the past or future. We also voted to have a twenty-five cent tax once a month. This of course helped to fill our treasury, but there was urgent need for an extra supply of money as we were soon going to have the most spectacular event of the year our Junior Promenade. So, we decided to hold a "Cake Sale". No sooner said, than done. The Junior A's held their sale in the Wallace Co. Store, all those failing to contribute a cake or its equivalent were taxed fifty cents extra. Needless to say it was a success. Thus, prepared with money we set out to have the annual Junior Prom. We hired the Masonic Hall and an orchestra. The hall was decorated with the Class Colors, blue and gold. The high standard of our Prom will be the aim of all the following classes. This being our last social event of the year we endeavored to make it a crowning glory, and a financial success to our class.

After three years of hard work we have become the so called dignified Seniors. At the beginning of our Senior B semester we held many class meetings and elected some more officers who are Susy Strong, Pres.; Elizabeth Bagg, Vice Pres.; Ina More, Sec.; and Frances Pierce, Treas. This year we made two amendments to our Constitution namely:—the one cent tax for every day over due on class tax day and a definite day for class tax. When a class becomes Seniors their first thought is that of a "Class Ring". We held many meetings trying to decide upon the best ring that ever left Pittsfield High School. About this time our class meetings were suspended until we organized with Commercial High School. Of course this caused a great deal of opposition between both schools. After some discussion we resumed our class meetings in their original manner. Once more our class distinguished itself by its social functions. This time by the Senior Hop. It was a brilliant affair held May 11, 1923 at Tally-Ho. The hall was dec-



CENTRAL HIGH SENIOR CLASS
Class Motto: "Forti et fidei nihil difficile."

orated in the delicate pastel shades of peach, apricot, lavender and canary. The music was furnished by Andrew's Singing Orchestra, which played all the newest jazz pieces. The Senior Hop was the most successful event of the year. Next, the girls had a Theater Party. We went to the Colonial one Thursday night in May. There, we were entertained by the hair-raising events in the "Tiger Rose". Between the acts we were refreshed by the lolly-pops, candy and peanuts brought by various members of the party. The girls all enjoyed it and decided we must have another party later.

June 27th is the day we graduate. Commercial High and Pittsfield High are going to combine for these exercises. This will be the greatest event of the four years. We close our High School career with the semi-annual Class Banquet which is to be held June 28 at the Greenock Inn at Lee.

The graduating class of June 1923 most sincerely wishes the following classes all the success and pleasure we have had during our course in good old P. H. S.

By Edith Holden
Frances Gannon
Ina More

Class Prophecy

As is customary on all Friday evenings, I and my thirteen year old son, Adolpheus Timothy Guy Steenrod, started off on our mighty constitutional, said constitutional being a prolonged stroll down Jordan Avenue, the metropolis of the modern electrical world. As I passed by Bagg and Beers' new radio equipment store, an institution dealing exclusively with second hand radio outfits, my Joy and Pride set up an awful wailing, and, between sobs, gestulated towards some peculiar apparatus in the center of the window. Following the line of his thoughts my optic's rested on the enter of his attraction. What immediately attracted my attention was not the apparatus itself, but a huge placard bearing the discouraging statement, "NEARLY NEW—\$56.78". At this instant, young Adolpheus started exercising his vocal organs once more, and I came to an immediate decision. There is only one thing I like better than money and that is uninterrupted quiet. So I entered and was parted from \$56.78 worth of "the root of all evil."

Adolpheus beamed a grateful look in my direction and as that is sufficient to reward any loving parent, we departed with the radio set in his possession. Upon reaching home, we attempted to assemble the apparatus, when I found out that my previous training had not fitted me for the task at hand. So retracing my steps to Jordan Avenue, I entered Whalen's far famed "Book Emporium"—"Lefty" always took keen delight in books. I remember how he used to devour his studies back at P. H. S.) At any rate, I gave Whalen the situation in a nutshell and he exits, returning a little later with a huge volume entitled: "What I Don't Know About Radio", by Ina More. Whalen said, "Just do the opposite to what the book says and all will be O. K." The book devoted several hundred pages to such subjects as, "Why Ford Should be President" and other equally funny articles. After finishing the book I concluded that Ina had wisely chosen a title for the essay. She surely doesn't know a great deal about Marconi's invention.

So, in desperation I sent to Sears' Mail Order House for another book entitled and inscribed in glowing letters, "A Fat Man on A Radio Set", by Huddell. As one would deduct from the title, Huddle makes the radio set a complete wreck. After reading the book I concluded that although I knew nothing about Radio, I was a specialist as compared with him. With that feeling, I attacked the problem and in a few seconds had achieved what I had previously thought impossible. The set was completely assembled. I placed the cabinet on the piano with the rest of the hardware and began twisting the rheostat and the cat's whiskers.

After fooling for about an hour my temper gave way and I hurled Huddell's book at it. Immediately, in clear sweet refreshing musical tones, the rapturous voice of the pride of Otis, Dwight E. Jones, drifted throughout the room, lifting the roof off the house and putting the furnace out of the cellar on to the sidewalk. "O Melodious Buzz Saw, I bid thee encore." Adolpheus' eyes lit up with a jealous light, here was a creature with whom he couldn't compete. As if he was intentionally cut off in the midst of his selection, by some vandalous and inartistic creature, Jones' singing suddenly closed. A feeling akin to an admixture of relief and disappointment swelled up in my bosom, but I brushed it aside. All was momentarily quiet but the silence was broken by the announcement that a trio, composed of Ruth Palmer, violinist; Clarence Graves, pianist and Joe Garrity, tenor soloist, would give a selection from Beethoven. After hearing the crackling of Joe's voice and the squeaking of Ruth's violin the results of the Saratoga races were given. The announcer bellowed out that Charles Belknap Lockwood's two year old "Ali Baba" had won the races over Barney Google's renowned nag, "Spark Plug". It appears that "Spark Plug" had made a short circuit of the track, which was both shocking to all the spectators, as well as the cause of his being disqualified. Lockwood's horse got all the credit but he collected the money which was of the more interest, in fact, about four and one half per cent more. Upon the receipt of this news Miss Helen Frances Armstrong, a true and upright citizen of Lanesboro, proposed to Mr. Lockwood saying that she had thought she loved him all her life but now she was positively sure.

Finally the baseball scores began to come in. West Pittsfield was engaged in playing off a tied series with Lee. The West Pittsfield Mud slinger's left fielder, Corbett, had been struck out by "Ed" Goodrich. The Umpire, Sam Goodman, gave the opposing batsman a raw deal so we may deduct that Goodrich has a choice piece of scandal which he is holding up on Sam. After the game a committee composed of "Des" Johnson, Paul Maynard, Leonard Houser and "Sleepy" Murphy and his cousin Spud, took upon themselves the task of administering justice upon the crooked umpire. In the ensuing debate Sam Goodman gave a fine exhibition of boxing. He floored the committee until Paul Maynard was incited by a broken jaw to such an extent that he proceeded to add to his list of victims the unfortunate Sam. This was followed by a solo rendered by Becket's Beauty, Rachel Sheldon, entitled "Agony". It was more than I could stand. Her interpretation of Agony is worse than agony itself. In fact her singing could make the dying Gaul laugh himself sick. The shock was so great that I determined to sleep it off. After I had spent about fifteen of my forty winks, the burglar alarm sounded. I rushed down to annihilate the intruder. The burglar,

however, did not materialize into anything more violent than Gitleman, who handed me a telegram. After perusing the manuscript I realized that I had been invited to the wedding of I. C. Fallon vs. A. C. Bemis. I went back to bed and finished the night dreaming of the feastings of the morrow. Early the next morning an unearthly racket, an improved alarm clock, the product of the fertile brains of Wendell Budrow and E. Bridgham, roused me from the court of Morpheus. Budrow always had queer ideas on how to give the world something that would cause him to be perpetually honored. What a grievous mistake he made in using an alarm clock as a tool to bring around such a desired condition. Adolpheus and yours respectfully breakfasted at a restaurant owned and edited by Cliff Nilson. Nilson rousted some old Greek from his restaurant and proceeded to run the thing on a modern basis. We managed to get by on what Nilson called a meal. His version would pronounce him small minded. There were several other good seekers at the restaurant. Pauline Adams, Bross Decker and Hyman Joseph were trying to end the growing pangs of hunger with a diminished pie and ice.

After sneaking out of the food-dispensary without paying I hailed a passing taxi run by Mort White. White looked a little down hearted which caused me to wonder how the gods of fate were treating him. As we bumped along the highway Mort told how he had been dragged into court for driving a car under the influence of women. He received a complex sentence from Judge Cornelius for he had just been released for excellency of conduct. At last we arrived at "La maison d'amour". Old shoes and other Sunday implements were stacked outside waiting to be used in the most appropriate fashion. They were under the guardianship of the watchful Wm. K. Greene. I was ushered into the house by the beautious Myrtle Thankful Bellinger formerly of Hinsdale, Massachusetts. I was very "Thankful" for the smiles which she bestowed upon me. There were many queer people assembled in the spacious hall. "Sky" Goodrich, Miss Kennedy's pet was there in full force. He had been invited because his uncles held I. O. U.'s for the groceries and means of transportation. Other creditors were E. H. Spall who was after the money owed on an engagement ring purchased from the Spall Jewelry Co. and "Doug" Smith whose father had been giving violin lessons to the Groom. While we were enjoying the synthetic dancing synthetized by Josephine Ciaburri, "Alv" Ericson that disciple of hard luck accidentally dropped a gallon of ice water down my back. For his misdemeanor I gave him a cold look which came spontaneously from my back.

Hush! I hear the Wedding March. 'Tis time for the ceremony. The wedding party entered. The onlookers gasped at their beauty. The bride was attired in a beautiful gown which had rested in moth balls at England's store for many years. She carried a beautiful bouquet of geraniums whose sweet odor permeated the atmosphere. Frank White was the best man. The bridesmaid was the beauteous Dorothy Hallock, veteran of many weddings. Some day some fortunate man will capture her, and she will realize what it means to be married. The noose was tightened by Mary Beckwith, D.D. After all was said and done the entire party assembled in the dining room to partake of an enticing repast.

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The waitresses placed at convenient places were Ellen Behan, Mary Eagan and Hilda Bergstrom. Soda pop and ginger ale flowed freely. Everyone was getting into the spirit of the thing when a fierce rapping announced the entrance of Tom Flynn, of the Housatonic River Beverage Corp. Flynn unceremoniously demanded the price of the beverages. Upon failure to comply with his demands Flynn was about to confiscate the remainder of the soda pop when Frances Pierce by the aid of her vampish eyes convinced him that such a course was unnecessary. Finally Flynn agreed to grant the host 3 days grace and departed with a pleasant threat concerning the consequences if the bill were not paid at the appointed date.

Being a follower and ardent believer of Mrs. Bennett's teachings this scene thoroughly disgusted me so that at the first opportunity I sneaked home and sought solace in my radio. After listening to Ada McSweeney's Stock reports on the prices of Hair pins, coffins and shaving soap I experienced a real treat. The Hon. William Parker gave a treatise entitled "The Scandalous Bull Thrower". After reeling in about four hundred yards I believed that he did know of what he spoke. This was followed by a lighter and more pleasing amusement in the personals of Ring and Tone's Ladies' Jazz Marimba Orchestra composed of many well known noise makers including Susie Strong who came in strong on all solo parts and Celia Weltman who played a good second fiddle. I was suddenly interrupted by Adolpheus who came rushing in telling about the movie he had been to. Frances Gannon was leading lady and Adolpheus described her in glowing terms. Elizabeth Finger also starred in the same production. After singing Adolpheus to sleep with one of Anna Stanton's bedtime songs, I returned to the radio and listened to a sextet composed of Frances Thompkins, Betty Roberts, Ethel Ruesch, Ag Thompson, Katherine Volin and Edith Holden. Florence Merriam was giving a lecture on 'Beauty and how I wish I had it'. While I was engaged in listening to this interesting article my feet became entangled in the phone cords and pulled the radio from the piano---and it fell with a resounding crash breaking into minute particles.

William W. Monks
E. Harold Steenrod

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449 NORTH STREET

PITTSFIELD, MASS.



PRO-MERITO PUPILS

Last Will and Testament of The June Class, 1923—Central High

We, the June Class of 1923, of the Central High School, City of Pittsfield, County of Berkshire, State of Massachusetts, Massachusetts of the United States, and the United States of the said mentioned Western Hemisphere, being of sound memory and mind, at times, do make, publish, declare, shout, and yell this to be our last Will and Testament; that is to say:

First: We hereby give and bequeath to Mrs. Bennett the famous declaration that "A little knowledge is a terrible thing". This she has suffered upon us often in due memory that rivers can not flow up hills, even though they may be on maps.

Second: We bequeath with howls of joy to Mr. Hayes that dreaded threat of his that "I'll tell you frankly, I'll flunk you cold". In case that this is thrown out for contempt of judgment, we leave his second howl "I'll throw you out".

Third: We leave the right to Miss Ella J. Casey to read her famous novel "Black Oxen" in peace.

Fourth: We of the Latin Class leave to "Pop" Goodwin the right to tell each of his three jokes for the one thousandth time.

Fifth: We leave the Lunch Room to any one who is not hungry.

Sixth: To the general aspect of the school we leave its Grecian Style.

Seventh: To the Juniors we leave ignorance.

Eighth: To the Sophomores we leave more ignorance.

Ninth: To the Freshmen we leave most ignorance.

Tenth: We leave to the entire faculty ? Well, you know that I am only human.

Eleventh: To all we leave this thought of wisdom. That we, that is most of us, did not descend from monkeys. However, we are still descending.

In witness whereof and wherefore, we, as the final days of our high school life near their end, place our signatures to this Will and Testament on this 26th day of June, in the year one thousand and nine hundred and twenty-three.

June Class—1923

(Per W. Wendell Budrow)

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A Comedy of Errors

Presented
By The Class of June, 1923
of
The Pittsfield High School
at
The Capitol Theater

Scene—Laid in The House of The Seven Gables

For Synopsis—See next page

CAST

King Tut-Tut	D. Jones
Her Shyness the Queen	R. Sheldon
Prince Atta Boy	B. Decker
Princess Iamabeauty	H. Bergstrom
Prime Minister Count Know-it-all	F. White
Captain of King's Guards—Count Fightalot	K. Whalen
Court Jester—O. B. Joyful	W. Bridgham
The Vampire—Dutchess Iaimtogether	E. Bagg
The Villain—Lord Helpus	H. Steenrod
The Belle of the Court—Countess Isabel	S. Strong
The Hero of the Court—Prince Caesar Heart	E. Goodrich
Court Dancer—Sal-Omay	F. Merriam
A Debutante—Princess Aurora Laughter	I. More
The King's Mother—Anne Everything	E. Holden
Countess Palm-Olive	M. Bellenger
Court Pet—Hot Dog	A. Dog
Court Cook—Wanita	D. Hallock
Court Page	H. Joseph
The Dutchess Celia Lips	P. Adams
Princess Ida Know	M. Beckwith
Court Cars	Fawd and Dodge
Prince Bluffemall	W. Parker
High Executioner Popofferhead	G. Murphy
Court Gossip—Dutchess Lotta Noise	K. Volin
Prince Liliput	T. Flynn
Heap Big Noise	W. Gitleman

STAGE DIRECTORS

Director	Mr. Hayes
Scenic Designers	Miss Tompkins and W. Budrow
Costume Designers	Misses Ruesch and Ericson
Business Manager	F. Pierce
Orchestra Director	R. Palmer
	P. Wagner

Statistics of The Class of June, 1923

Prettiest girl, Hilda Bergstrom; Handsomest boy, Bross Decker; Most Popular girl, Susan Strong; Most Popular boy, Edward Goodrich; Teacher's pet, Rachel Sheldon; Cleverest girl, Rachel Sheldon; Cleverest boy, Charles Lockwood; Cutest girl, Florence Merriam; Cutest boy, Thomas Flynn; Best girl Dancer, Florence Merriam; Best boy Dancer, Edward Goodrich; Best girl's complexion, Hilda Bergstrom; Best boy's complexion, Schuyler Goodrich; Class wit, Wendell Budrow; Class vamp, Elizabeth Bagg; Class sport, Kearons Whalen; Class Prima Dona, Elizabeth Bagg; Class giggler, Ina More; Brightest girl, Rachel Sheldon; Brightest boy, Frank White; Best Actor, Charles Lockwood; Best Actress, Rachel Sheldon; Oldest girl, Edith Holden; Oldest boy, Harold Steenrod; Youngest girl, Myrtle Bellinger; Youngest boy, Charles Lockwood; Favorite animal, dog; Best cook, Dorothy Hallock; Shortest boys, Flynn and Joseph; Shortest girl, Ina More; Lightest girl, Pauline Adams; Stiffest boy, Dwight Jones; Best nurse, Mary Beckwith; Favorite teacher, Mr. Hayes; Most artistic girl, Frances Tompkins; Most artistic boy, Wendell Budrow; Best girl dresser, Ethel Ruesch; Best boy dresser, Alvin Ericson; Best elocutionist, Charles Lockwood; Most business-like boy, Dwight Jones; Most business-like girls, K. Volin, F. Pierce; Favorite theatre, Capitol; Favorite automobile, Dodge; Class villain, Steenrod; Favorite expression, Hot Dog; Favorite indoor sport, Basketball; Favorite outdoor sport, Swimming; Class bluffer, Wm. Parker; Class grouch, James Murphy; Class gossip, Kathryn Volin; Model Students, F. White, D. Jones; Best Musician, Ruth Palmer; Nationality, American; Noisiest boy, Wm. Gitleman; Noisiest girl, Pauline Adams; Class nuisance, Willard Bridgham; Name: Count of No Account.



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Who's Who

PAULINE ADAMS

Glee Club 2, 3, 4. Manager of Theater Party. Food Sale. How to Study Club. Small she is, yet big of heart and brimful of merriment. Everything provides fun for her—even studying.

HELEN ARMSTRONG

Orchestra 3. Public Speaking Club. A soul o'er brimming with happiness whose favorite pastime is attending the Lanesboro dances.

ELIZABETH BAGG

Student Pen Staff. Class Day Committee. Elizabeth will not surprise us if she should appear as a *Prima Donna* in future years.

MARY BECKWITH

Cheerful, always good natured, A friend of everyone is Mary.

SHERMAN BEERS

Student Pen Club. Toastmaster at Class Banquet.

Have you seen that smile? You probably have, for if you haven't you are blind. Nature endowed Sherman with red hair, a jolly face and a darned good nature.

ELLEN BEHAN

We all like Ellen because she is a good sport and we wish her every success.

MYRTLE BELLINGER

Study Club.

Myrtle is thoughtful, Myrtle is bright, A veritable dear and a shining light.

ALPHEUS BEMIS

A quiet kind of fellow, of whom it may be said: "He has something more than nonsense Lying underneath his head."

HILDA BERGSTROM

A pretty wit, a well stored mind, Bright azure eyes, and golden hair, hath she. She is—we are not blind—most fair.

WENDELL BUDROW

Class Will. Hi-Y. A very impressive type is this, We hear a lot from him And everything he undertakes He accomplishes with a vim.

JOSEPHINE CIABURRI

Study Club. Thorough, competent, kind and true Chibby dear, we speak of you.

THOMAS CORBETT

Pro Merito. Baseball 4. This little boy will sure be a star For even in school he ranks way past par.

N. BROSS DECKER

Student's Pen Club. Athletic Editor 3, 4. Manager of Baseball Team. Hi-Y. Junie is right there with the goods when it comes to managing the baseball team.

MARY EGAN

Glee Club 1, 2, 3. Art Club. Junior Prom Committee. Class Day Committee. Announcements.

A happy smile that cheers us thru A heart that is of truest blue Wondrous tact and judgment too—that's Mary.

ALVIN ERICSON

How to Study Club. In class he does sit so quietly With due regard for all propriety.

IRENE FALLON

Irene is a good sport, fond of fun and we wish her every success for the future.

THOMAS FLYNN

Student's Pen Club 4. Banquet Committee. Who's Who Committee. Prom Checking.

Thomas is an efficient student in everything you may mention—the results of his efforts are fully appreciated. Thomas is a willing helper.

ELIZABETH FINGER

Elizabeth is one of our most conscientious girls; yet, she is always ready to help. The combination of these characteristics will bring her success we feel sure.

S. FRANCES GANNON

How to Study Club. Let me tell you—between you and me Frances is one of the cleverest girls in our class—particularly with pen and ink.

WILLIAM GITELMAN

Manager of Basketball Team 4. Orchestra 3, 4. Student Pen Staff 3. Junior Prom. Chairman Class Day. Debating Club. Bill will always get there, if not by deeds, by words.

SAMUEL GOODMAN

Football Team 2, 3, 4. Basketball 3. Debating Club 2. So studious to all example fair Such work in future years it's fruit will bear.

EDWARD GOODRICH

Senior Dance Committee. Junior Prom Committee. Student Council. Debating Club. Baseball Team. Speaker at Assembly. President of Class 2, 4. Hi-Y. Banquet Speaker.

Eddy is popular without a doubt. No one could have managed the Senior Class with such ability as he.

SCHUYLER GOODRICH

Debating Club 2. Study Club 4. A brilliant star we find in Latin 8. But for his knowledge he depends on Fate.

WILLIAM GREENE

Track 4. William Greene is so very quiet If he'd only talk he'd cause a riot.

DOROTHY HALLOCK

Art Club. Banquet Committee. Ready to laugh with the funniest of us, Ready to work with the busiest of us, Ready to please each of us, And sure to do as well as any of us.

ALFRED HIGGINS

Debating Club. C. M. T. C. A boy so tall with hair so fair In other subjects too, he is a bear.

EDITH HOLDEN

Drawing Club. Glee Club. Class History. Edith is sweet Edith is fair And upon my word, She is always square.

LEONARD HOUSER

Debating Club. He is content with everything he sees And always seems to be at ease.

GEORGE HUDDELL

George is one of the lucky members of our class. He is a proud possessor of a Lizzy and the envy of all.

DESMOND JOHNSON

A mighty lad of strong intent With his mind always to study, bent,

DWIGHT JONES

C. M. T. C. 4. Study Club 4. President Debating Club 3. Pro Merito. Commencement Speaker.

Dwight is a very brainy person Especially in the line of Mathematics.

HYMAN JOSEPH

Senior Banquet Committee. Debating Club 2. Study Club 4. Pro Merito. His Latin and History he loveth well In all other branches he doeth well.

CHARLES LOCKWOOD

Vice-President 4. Pro Merito. Salutatorian. As bright a boy as is beneath the sun And he comes in for his share of the fun.

ADA McSWEENEY

Study Club. There are few people who never show a disagreeable side to anyone. Ada is one of the chosen few;—the secret,—she has none to show.

PAUL MAYNARD

Debating Club. Electrical Club. A very pleasant fellow whom we know will succeed in his chosen career.

FLORENCE MERRIAM

Study Club. Picture Committee. Statistics. Behold the vision, note the face The dainty walk, the winsome grace. We will always remember Florence by these sayings:—"O, I've lost my vanity case" and "Have you seen my nail file?"

WILLIAM MONKS

Debating Club 1, 2. Secretary Radio Club

4.
A boy who was in history bright
And don't the darkest facts throw light.

INA MORE

Class Secretary 4. Food Sale. Junior Prom Committee. Senior Dance Committee. Who's Who Committee. Class History. Public Speaking Club.

Begone dull care! Thou and I shall never agree.

Ina is witty and clever; you can discover her any time by her musical laugh. She can find something amusing in any of life's disappointments.

GEORGE MURPHY

Baseball 3, 4.

In baseball he doth seem to be a star,
With talent in his studies from afar.

CLIFTON NILSON

Camera Club. Senior Picture. Senior Dance Committee. Junior Prom Committee. Debating Club. Banquet Speaker. Ring Committee.

A boy so bright and yet 'tis said
He burns not the midnight oil, but goes to bed.

RUTH PALMER

Orchestra.

Conscientious, reliant
And generous minded too
A true friend thru and thru.

WILLIAM PARKER

Study Club.

Bill works hard at his lessons 24 hours a day with the exception of the 23 he takes out for eating, sleeping and recreation.

FRANCES PIERCE

Treasurer 1, 2, 3, 4. Senior Dance Committee. Junior Prom Committee. Student Pen Staff. Class Picture.

Frances is a student, but a far better sport. Full many of us have places, in her big warm heart.

FLORENCE PURNELL

Study Club. Glee Club.

Florence is a very sweet girl. And we all bank on her to be a success.

ELIZABETH RAINES

Student Pen Club.

Be in time! Be in time!
In spite of her habit of arriving late Betty usually gets there.

HELEN RING

Flower Committee.

We have all appreciated the loyal support that Helen has contributed to '23. We all like her and wish her success.

ELIZABETH ROBERTS

Betty is jolly, Betty is gay
Betty is sweet in every way.

ETHEL RUESCH

Dresses for breakfast, dinner and ball
Dresses in which to do nothing at all.

WARREN SEARS

A quiet boy of tender years is he
A pride in English and Geometry.

RACHEL SHELDON

Vice President 2. Committee for Constitution. Student Council Secretary 4. Pro Merito. Commencement Speaker.

We wonder why she's such a shark
For if she grinds she keeps it dark.
At even tide she sallies out
To study nature—Oh! no doubt!

DOUGLAS SMITH

Orchestra. Hi-Y.
Doug with his cave man ways will do honor to the title of class villain.

EDWARD SPALL

Hi-Y.
Spall is one of our number who is rarely seen or heard, but when he plays that banjo—well he certainly earns that name—Sheik Spall.

ANNA STANTON

Study Club.
Never in a hurry
Never has a care
Never known to worry
Beloved everywhere.

HAROLD STEENROD

Football 2, 3, 4. Class Prophecy.
This small boy was said by some to be quite wild
Although in school he appears quite mild.

DOROTHY MARY TONE

How to Study Club.
A sweet and cheerful way has Dorothy.
She has always done her share willingly and is always ready to lend a helping hand.

SUSAN STRONG

Class Secretary 3. Junior Prom Committee. Food Sale. Class President 4. Banquet Committee. Who's Who. Banquet Speaker. Class Picture. Glee Club 2. Ring Committee.

Sue is popular
Sue is gay
We know success
Will come her way.

AGNES THOMPSON

Editor-in-Chief of Student's Pen 4. Class Motto. Banquet Committee.

We are glad that Agnes is a member of our class. When she is ready to launch upon a career we suggest that she teach chemistry for she certainly is an expert in that line.

FRANCES TOMPKINS

Student's Pen Club. Junior Prom. Class Song.
Oh, there was once a maiden illustrious
Who could rhyme in a way most industrious
And the song she did make
And the A's that she'd take
Oh, they prove her a genius most lustrous.

KATHRYN VOLIN

Student's Pen 3, 4. Business Manager. Statistics Committee.

Kathryn's thoughts just at present are centered upon the chemical laboratory. She has plenty of time however, to give each of us a pleasant word and to be a jolly good friend.

CELIA WELTMAN

Student's Pen 3, 4. Class Song Committee. Glee Club 1, 2, 3.

Cecelia has certainly done her share to make '23 successful.

KEARONS WHALEN

Football 2, 3, 4. Basketball 3, 4. Baseball 2, 3, 4. Captain Track Team 4. Pro Merito.

He is an athlete with splendid form
Who takes the games and girls by storm.

FRANK WHITE

Valedictorian. Pro Merito. American Radio Relay League.

We need not tell of the merit
Which Frank seems to inherit
For none can surpass
The valedictorian of our class.

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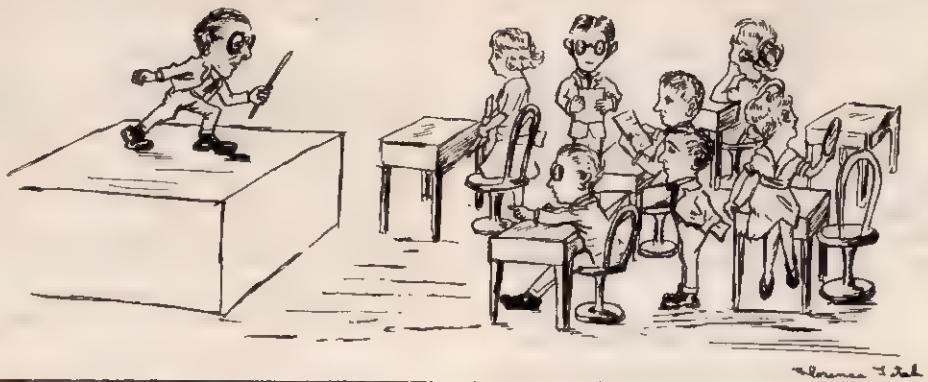
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STUDENT ACTIVITIES



Honor Students in P. H. S.

At a special assembly on Friday, May 25, Mr. Strout announced the honor pupils in the Senior class, speakers for graduation and the Pro Merito Pupils. In order that the Pro Merito Society might organize before graduation, the names of those in the Senior B class who are entitled to membership in this society, were also announced.

A very unusual thing happened this year. Two boys captured the highest scholarship honors, the first going to Frank White, the second to Charles Lockwood. In the Commercial building Meta Isringhaus took first, and Ruth Leveene, second.

The following were selected as speakers for the graduation exercises:—Meta Isringhaus, Ruth Leveene, Lena Cooper, Dwight Jones, Charles Lockwood, Rachel Sheldon and Frank White.

Senior A Pro Merito List

Gladys Anthony	Mildred Gould	Mary McCarty
Elizabeth Bagg	Dora Halperin	Isabel MacKinnon
Dorothy Barnes	Ruth Hettstrom	Helen Martineau
Tina Callo	Janet Hover	Hope Otis
Doris Carmel	Meta Isringhaus	Frances Pierce
Josephine Ciaburri	Dwight Jones	Helen Ringie
Thomas Connelly	Hyman Joseph	Ethel Reusch
Thomas Corbett	Anna Klein	Rachel Sheldon
Dorothy Denison	Laura Lamb	Frank Steady
Mary Eagan	Eloise Larkin	Agnes Thomson
Thomas Flynn	Ruth Leveene	Kearons Whalen
Frances Gannon	Charles Lockwood	Frank White

Senior B Pro Merito List

Doris Acheson	Marguerite Dansereau	Ruth Healy
Robert Acly	Joseph Donahue	Loretta Hebert
Dorothy Baker	Roland Ende	Anna Quirk
Mary Beebe	Kyle Forrest	Ruth Simmons
Hilda Blackman	Mary F. Farrell	Anna Sluboveiz
Mabel Bradway	Lorraine Gannon	Pauline Wagner
Dorothy Cain		Elizabeth White

Mr. James A. Moyer

I'm sure we Seniors all enjoyed hearing Mr. James A. Moyer of Boston, speak on May 29, and we certainly think it a pity that the other students could not have heard him too. Mr. Moyer is on the University extension department, and naturally, being interested in higher education, he spoke along that line. He told of the chance every high school graduate, whether boy or girl, rich or poor, an honor student or of average intelligence, has of going to college. Mr. Moyer went on to say that the fact that a person has a very high scholarship in school, is not a sign that he will make a success in life; and as an example, he took his own high school graduating class. Out of ten honor pupils in his class not one has made a name for himself in the world.

Mr. Moyer's talk held the attention of all and when he had finished he received a very hearty applause. Many of the Seniors expressed the wish that he visit us again, and if he does P. H. S. will surely welcome him.

Dwight Root

The Junior Prom

On Friday evening, June 15, a large crowd assembled at the Masonic Temple, to make merry at the best Prom given by the best class, of course, that ever entered Pittsfield High School.

The hall was attractively decorated in lavender, rose, and yellow. Miss Yeadon and her competent committee were well rewarded for their efforts by the many compliments passed on the appearance of the hall, during the evening.

The music, which was of the best, was furnished by Andrew's Orchestra. The generosity of the orchestra in the matter of giving encores, coupled with the all-pervading atmosphere of enjoyment, which the geniality of our patronesses and patrons gave to the evening, made the affair all the more successful. Mr. and Mrs. Gannon, Strout, and Ford, were the chaperones of the evening.

We are very grateful to Miss Robarge for the clever posters, which she so kindly drew for us. They aided greatly in advertising our Prom. All our other committees deserve a vote of thanks for the assistance they gave towards making the dance a success.

It is interesting to add that this Prom was the first sign of social activity, shown by the class of 1924. The Junior Promenade, was a private dance, and was the second invitation affair our high school has had.

Eva Rosenbaum, '24

Memorial Day Program

An assembly was held on Tuesday the twenty-ninth of May to commemorate Memorial Day. The program, which was arranged by Mr. Hayes, was presented entirely by students. From the continued applause, it was evident that the school was quite as pleased with the entertainment of its own classmates as they would have been with any speakers of renown. It was necessary to cut the program short on account of the limited time allowed for it which was very unfortunate in view of the great fun it was affording the audience. The part which was presented is as follows:

Star Spangled Banner	School
Flag Ceremony	Boy Scouts
Origin of Memorial Day	Charles Baker
Lincoln's Gettysburgh Address	Norman Hollister
Solo	Geraldine Robarge
Appreciation of Wm. Cranston	Wm. McLaughlin
Poem	Kearons Whalen
Solo	Helen Beattie
Address	John Barker
Poem	Dwight Root
Poem	Martha Burt
Meaning of Memorial Day	Helen Lummus
Solo	Mary Beebe
Duet	Mary Beebe and Elizabeth Bagg
America	School

The Public Speaking Class

In September of last year, a public speaking class was organized, of which Miss Waite has charge. Since then the members have learned a great deal of the interesting details concerning speaking in public. Debating was the most recent subject taken up. After two class debates, it was decided to challenge Mr. Moon's public speaking class to debate, the subject being, "Resolved: that the daylight saving law of Massachusetts should be repealed." The challenge was accepted, Mr. Moon's class preferring the negative side.

On Friday, June 8, the two classes met in room fifteen, the "A" period for the debate. Mr. Moon's representatives in the debate were Miss Prentice, Miss Burt, and Mr. Salo, and Miss Waite's were Miss Lummus, Mr. Coyle, and Mr. C. Baker. Mr. Strout kindly consented to act as chairman, while Miss Pfeiffer, Miss Morse, and Mr. Larkin were the judges. The decision was given for the affirmative side. After the debate, a general discussion of the subject was allowed.

Thelma E. Nelson

C. M. T. C. Club

The C. M. T. C. Club met June 1, on the Common for drill under the direction of Howard Heaneau. The squads were a bit rusty on some of the finer points, but it is expected that they will be back in form within a few weeks.

A radio set is to be awarded for proficiency at Camp Devens this coming summer. This set is to be the last word in radio apparatus and is donated by Major-General Harbord, President of the Radio Corporation of America.

According to the latest report, Berkshire County has 78% of her quota. The age limit has been slightly altered to include young men who will become 17 years of age before January 1. This will enable students who are in their sixteenth year to take advantage of the wonderful summer military training.

Senior A Notes

As a result of two boisterous class meetings we have the following appointments:	
Last Will and Testament	Wendell Budrow
Class Prophecy	Harold Steenrod
Class Statistics	
Sherman Beers, Frances Tompkins, Florence Merriam and Kathryn Volin	
Class History	Ina More, Edith Holden, Frances Gannon
Toast Master	Sherman Beers
Toast to Boys	Susan Strong
Toast to Girls	Clifton Nilson
Opening Speech at Banquet	Edward Goodrich
Committee on Announcements	Mary Egan
Committee on Class Song	Frances Tompkins
Committee on Class Motto	Mr. Budrow and Agnes Thomson
Committee on Who's Who	Messrs Flynn, Decker and Misses More and Strong

Rachel Sheldon, '23, Secretary

Senior B Notes

At the last meeting of the Senior B class, the subject of class rings was discussed—and very heatedly, as you may guess from the fact that the meeting lasted almost an hour. It was finally decided not to have a standard ring definitely set for the school by one class, but to allow the other classes to select the same design if they wished. A ring committee consisting of Pauline Wagner, Elizabeth White and Robert Aely was chosen and after some little delay the general design for the ring was decided upon.

It is a pity that the class as a whole does not seem more interested in this subject. Where are you? Wake up! Come to your class meetings!

Ruth E. Simmons, Sec.

Junior B's

To all whom it may concern!

There is such a thing in the P. H. S. as a Junior B class. Although a little late in organizing we have elected our officers who are the following: President, Franklin Gamwell; Vice President, Matthew Jacoby; Secretary, Mildred McLaughlin; Treasurer, Janet Macbeth. The class has adopted a constitution, and elected an executive board of three members. Two meetings have been held and no "riot" has, as yet, occurred. Mr. Keany is our class adviser.

Respectfully submitted,

Mildred McLaughlin, '25, (Sec.)



Representatives of the "Student's Pen" from the Commercial Building are:

Meta Isringhaus	Essays
Anna Klein	Fiction
Sarah Evzerow	Poetry
Paul Tamburello	Student Activities
Albert Kiger	Jokes
Helen Ringie	Exchanges

Valedictory

The Rule of Fashion

We, the inhabitants of the vast United States, descendants of our famous Pilgrim and Puritan ancestors, claim to have abolished forever the rule of a monarch; we claim to have established as free a government as could be established and yet maintain a government; we have declared that never again shall our country be ruled by a sovereign, and yet, one might say, "day after day, in every way", we are being drawn more and more strictly under the rule of just such a sovereign, whose sway over humans began ages ago, and whose sway will continue to the end of time.

Who is this powerful ruler? Only a mythical woman, yet no other ruler boasts of so many loyal subjects, both young and old. Dame Fashion's rule is indeed supreme.

While the feminine portion of the country is the more strongly affected, recent years have shown that the stronger sex is not immune from the charms and decrees of Dame Fashion.

What is the joy and despair of a woman and a girl's life? What is one of the first thoughts that enters her mind, when an invitation of any kind is extended to her? In answer to the first,—clothes; in answer to the second,—clothes. That important question "What shall I wear?", which arises daily, hourly, and minutely, makes the invitation merely secondary, for the possibility of acceptance depends upon—clothes. Listen to the conversation of a group of girls. Whatever the conversation originates with, it usually terminates in two things; male acquaintances and clothes. A dance announcement calls for descriptions of gowns, and the possibility of purchasing a new one; an automobile trip requires the proper costume, as do all the present day sports. From the dance down to the hike, the subject of clothes must be considered. Political news and news of the day may escape the eyes of a feminine reader, but no item on fashion, however small or obscure, suffers such a fate.

Clothes themselves being of such great interest to women, Dame Fashion has willing subjects with whom to deal. She decrees that skirts shall be worn very much abbreviated, the greater the abbreviation, the nearer the approach to the height of fashion; and with one accord, the majority of the feminine world obey, greatly to the consternation of the older generation, who foresee the destruction of the younger generation. Then suddenly, this same Dame Fashion loudly declares that the long skirt shall be in vogue; again the command is heeded, and short skirts become a part of history, while the height of fashion reverts to the lengthened skirt. First the high heel, then the low; first the long sleeve, then the short; then is decreed the wearing of multi-colored shoes; thus continues the rule of our monarch.

Why obey these commands? Why be ruled by fashion? Why not assert the same spirit of independence that was asserted one hundred forty-seven years ago in another avenue of public life? The natural liking for attractive attire, that human characteristic,—the want of the new and the unusual, and the desire for admiration, *both* in men and women, are responsible for this cheerful acquiescence to the commands of fashion. The public admires, accepts, and imitates the well-dressed citizens of the town, but looks askance at the man or woman whose costume suggests that which is "out of date" or "old-fashioned".

Dame Fashion employs every possible means to hold her power. She does not hesitate to make use of the sudden popularity of a dead king and his clothes and customs, and the result is that "King Tut" dresses, "King Tut" ear rings, and "King Tut" hair arrangements are now in vogue. The dead Pharaoh, lying in his tomb in Egypt, has stimulated clothes more than the world war did. Egypt was the land of cotton, the original "Dixie". The valley of the Nile raised cotton for the world when East was better West, and as a fabric, cotton had no rival.

King and commoner wore it. It was developed into rare and artistic garments, dipped into beautiful dyes, and embroidered in fantastic figurations. Rodier, the wizard weaver of France, has invented cotton weaves with modified Egyptian figurations and Indo-Chinese landscapes, and it all means that the ruler of fashion has decreed the wearing of cotton clothes.

This demand for cotton brings into consideration the material known as calico. Printed cotton was used for window hangings in other centuries by those who could not afford brocade and velvet. Then suddenly, women, in a moment of caprice, made frocks of this ordinary fabric, and flaunted themselves about the streets and into church pews, much to the chagrin and fury of the silk weavers.

Today, as then, a call for cotton goes up from every part of the land. Trade has rushed to the hidden corners to unearth discarded bolts of printed cottons which have not seen the light of day for years. They have been tumbled on the shelves to meet the demand for whatever is strange that resembles Egypt. Unbleached muslin has swept back into place and power. It is more expensive now than formerly, and was used two generations ago for frocks, not by the city dwellers, but by those who lived in the country. Peasant dress is popular today; Indian designs and color combinations may now be seen in our fashionable city districts as well as among our Indian inhabitants. Anything that is odd, or weird, and bespeaks of the long ago, is favored by the race.

This sudden demand for the unusual has made the clothing industry, and every other industry dealing with clothes, take a sudden leap toward prosperity, and has left its mark on the entire country. Thus it can readily be seen that Dame Fashion, while exacting and sometimes troublesome, is of vital importance to the business of the world; for without her there would be no upheavals in fashion, no such great prosperity for merchants, and above all, the chief joy of the feminine world would be denied.

Meta Isringhaus, '23

Salutatory

Motion Pictures—A Medium of Education

In this wonderful age of progress, we look for the unusual to happen over night. In the world of art and science, inventions that have revolutionized industry and transportation are regarded in the most matter of fact manner.

Quite in keeping with other world movements, educational systems have not stood still. In the realm of education a still greater change is to take place within the next ten or twenty years—this change is to be brought about through the medium of motion pictures. Such is the opinion of Thomas Edison, a man whose word must be regarded with more than a passing notice.

It is possible to teach, he says, every branch of human knowledge with the motion picture. Only the ostrich type of educator can fail to recognize that the motion picture represents a new force, a new tool, which live-minded men and women are surely going to study and experiment with till they have determined just where and how its vast possibilities can best be applied to the education of children. Dr. Wallin of the Cleveland Normal Training school substantiates the

words of Edison and has said: "with its alluring, shifting scene, its compelling reality, its limitless range of subject matter, the motion pictures represents the most highly evolved educational instrument which the present century has bequeathed.

It is generally conceded that the motion picture has tremendous possibilities as an aid to education, partly as a time saver because the student can get, in a brief time, information that would require a much longer period if obtained in the usual way, but largely because information obtained through a picture, especially a motion picture, is much more accurate and less liable to be misunderstood than that obtained from the printed page. By means of motion pictures taken through powerful microscopes, the minutest forms of plant and animal life are seen, the development of cell growths becomes a vivid reality, and one watches in every detail the formation of the most beautiful and intricate sorts of crystals. As each new process is portrayed, short sentences are thrown upon the screen. As each new object is shown, a pointer appears from the side and indicates the exact nature and significance of the picture. Nothing is left to the imagination. No phase nor feature is left unexplained or unnamed.

The educational motion picture represents supreme success in the presentation of predigested information. The boy and girl sees history, geography, art, travel, science and invention.

Some will tell you that real education consists in working Greek roots or mathematical formulas—which cannot be done by the motion picture film. A publisher may put out a new chart—something that is scientifically correct, but the next thing to do is to persuade the teacher to use it correctly and wisely. It is the same old story—real efficiency depends upon the directing force.

When pedagogy becomes a science because we have a body of accepted facts as a basis for our procedure, and when our educational system is manned by people who know those facts and apply them so that we have a high art of teaching, then we can count on the nearest universal acceptance of any device that is based on purely scientific principles.

And one great reason that conservative schoolmen hang back today is that there are practically no films existing which have been made under the direction of people who know what schools need. Broadly speaking, all educational films have been manufactured abroad, and they have been produced mainly by companies depending on amusement films for their business, and dabbling in educational subjects as an experimental side line without the guidance of editors who know school methods and needs. Some of the historical and civic films are spoiled for educational purposes because they are made for theater purposes and audiences.

It is unthinkable that the very foundation of our educational system which has been so interwoven with our whole civilization for four centuries could be cast aside. One need not be the seventh son of the seventh son to assert confidently that our children's children will still learn much from the printed page.

Not only the individual genius and a host of educators see the possibility of the motion picture as a medium of educating, but also governments of nations—

especially those in Europe, recognize this fact and encourage the showing of educational films by exempting the tax. Here in our own country we find many of the schools and colleges using the pictures in a supplementary way.

The pictures as an educational force will not be restricted to the school. Many churches are making use of them to teach the lessons of truth and morality found in the Book of Life.

Whether we will or no, it is the opinion of forward looking men and women that, in the future, pictures will play an important part in the education of the young and old. Not only in the crowded city but in every town and village, their potent force will be felt and will make more possible and equitable our cherished ideals of democracy.

Ruth LeVeene, '23

Vocation and Fitness

In studying the qualities of men, we consider on the one hand the mental dispositions which may still be quite undeveloped and which may unfold only under the influence of special conditions in the surroundings; and on the other hand, we find the habitual traits of the personality, and collected knowledge of acquired experience. If a man applies for a position, he is considered with regard to his qualities, and at first nobody cares whether the particular feature is inherited or acquired. Personalities which enter into the world of affairs present unlimited qualities of talents and abilities and function of the mind. From these qualities, it necessarily follows that some are more, or less fit for the particular economic task.

In case that certain knowledge is necessary for the work that has been acquired, the vocation is surrounded by examinations. This is true of the lower as well as the higher activities. The direct examination is everywhere supplemented by certificates referring to the previous education. All these examinations and tests and certificates refer to what can be learned from without, and not to the true qualities of the mind.

Young people know very little about themselves and their abilities. When the day comes in which they discover their real strong points and their weakness, it is often too late. They have usually been drawn into the current of a particular vocation, and have given too much energy to the preparation for a specific achievement to change the whole life-plan once more.

As boys and girls grow up without their physical weaknesses, the exceptional strength of one or another mental function too often remains unnoticed by them. They may find out when they are favored with a special talent for art, or music or scholarship, but they hardly ever know that their attention, or their will, are developed in a particular direction; yet such an exceptional mental disposition might be the cause of special success in certain vocation.

Many of our great business men have found this to be true. They say that there are a great number of girls who take up a business course, purely because the work and working conditions seem to be pleasant and entirely without studying themselves to learn if they are fitted temperamentally for such work. They have

had girls come to them for positions and, on being given a trial, they soon show themselves not fitted for office work, although they have passed through business colleges and schools of office training.

Everywhere, in all countries and in all vocations, but especially in economic careers, we hear the complaint that there is lack of really good men. Everywhere places are waiting for the right man. This however, does not in the least imply that there really are not enough personalities who might be perfectly fit even for the highest demands of the vocations; it means only that as a matter of cause the result in the filling of positions cannot be satisfactory, if the placing of the individuals is carried on without serious regard for the personal mental qualities.

Society, to be sure has a convenient means of correction. The individual tries, and when he is doing his work incorrectly, he loses his job, he is pushed out from the career which he has chosen, with the great probability that he will be crushed by the wheels of social life. It is a rare occurrence for the man who is a failure in his chosen vocation, and who has been thrown out of it, to happen to come into the career in which he can make a success. Social statistics show what a burden and what a danger to the social body is growing from the masses of those who do not succeed and who by their lack of success become discouraged. The whole social body has had to pay a heavy penalty for not making even the faintest effort to settle the problem of vocational choice, the problem of the physical adaptation of the individuality. An improvement would lie in the interest of those who seek positions and those who have positions to offer. The employers can hope that in all departments better work will be done as soon as better adapted individuals can be obtained; and on the other hand, those who are anxious to make their working energies effective, may expect that the careful selection of individual characters for the various tasks of the world will insure not only greater success and gain, but above all greater joy in the work.

Lena C. Cooper

History of the Class of '23

On September 4, 1919, the greatest class of the century marched forth upon the campus of that noble structure, The High School of Commerce, dedicated to the proposition of housing a new tribe of freshmen. Yes—freshmen they were—but different. Different in appearance, action, and ambition. We came with one idea—to work hard and do our best and earn the good will of our esteemed teachers, and one thing I can safely vouch for—we did.

Of course, all the prominent men and women who once attended our halls of learning know the first trials and hardships of the unfortunate frosh. Do you doubt me? Then ask Miss Mangan! Well, nothing unusual happened that year except us, but that was enough.

In 1920, we went up in position, but down to a new home room. We were sophomores now, and suffer more we did! We were constantly annoyed every study period by the squeak, squeak, of the old stairs, which prevented us from studying the way we wanted to. Every stray laugh or whisper was always followed

by a sharp glance in the direction of the "hard-working" students. Why is it grown-ups are so deadly fond of quiet? Ah! Reckless Youth! Little do you realize it, but you are.

In September, 1921, the spirit of organizing overtook us. We were now mercenary Juniors. The first meeting was called to order by Mr. Wraught, our former principal; and Miss Isringhaus was elected President. She ruled us with an iron hand, but we liked her just the same.

Now after two years of hard study, we decided to enjoy ourselves a little, so our first class entertainment was a costume party, held in Municipal Hall. King Tut! You should have been there.

Not long after "a good time was had by all," our station in life became greater. We were Junior A's. In May another meeting was called to order. A hike to that famous peak, Mount Greylock, was planned. We ascended the lofty heights on June 3, 1922. Thus another of history's pages was turned.

Although vacation that summer was exceptionally enjoyable, we could hardly wait for September to come again—the anticipation of perfecting the excellent work we had done in the past by studying harder than ever. We were Seniors now, and the example simply had to be set. The time had come for us to live up to the dignity of such a worthy title. Our Senior year was a crowded and happy one. During the winter we had two sleighrides to the famous winter resort, Hinsdale.

At another class meeting, it was decided to hold a private dance at the Knights of Pythias Hall in honor of the preceding graduating class. Such a group of gallants as was seen there! My, but Robin Hood would have been ashamed of himself!

We were warned by our honorable President that we must conduct ourselves in a manner suited to Seniors, because the entire proceedings would be watched by some of the faculty. Needless to say, our dance was a success, and so were we.

Having had such an enjoyable time, the opposite sex of our class suggested another dance not long after. This, as in the case of the first, was well attended.

Soon after the spring vacation the annual Senior Hop was held at the Tally-Ho; this met with huge success.

The Senior A class of the Commercial Department, being a pleasure-loving crowd, had a theatre party at the Colonial Theatre on Monday, May 21. About thirty ladies and gentlemen attended, (for we were Seniors, remember!), chaperoned by the Misses Mary O'Bryan, Frances McGill, and Lucy Mangan.

Please do not misconstrue my meaning when I mention these little affairs, and think we neglected our work. Oh, no! We were just as studious as ever, but a little recreation now and then does no one any harm.

The last big event of the year before our banquet was the Junior Prom. This is always a colorful affair and is well attended.

The longest month of the four happy years has come, namely—June. We are preparing for commencement. We will soon go forth upon our own careers and adventures. Alma Mater, you have been kind, and you deserve to have more brilliant children like us. We hope you do. Farewell!

Ruth LeVeene

Statistics, June 1923

You can not readily understand what a task it is to compile these innocent looking statistics. I have always known that no two persons will agree to certain opinions of others but nevertheless I will endeavor to introduce to you the different members of this class that have won distinction in one line or another. It is a pleasure to read the opinions of various members of the class. In many cases the votes were almost ties, with but one real one. Listen to me my audience and you will find out how your favorites fared:

The brightest girl in the class is Meta Isringhaus. Her votes were numerous but no more than was to be expected.

The brightest boy is Thomas Connelly. He certainly deserves this title as he made the pro merito society.

Prettiest girl honors went to Helen Ringie, who outclasses all rivals.

Albert Kiger won laurels for the handsomest boy, with Frank Steady a close second.

Helen Ringie and Meta Isringhaus were almost rivals but Helen won out. Paul Tamburello won the title of being the most popular boy.

Anna Klein received an overflow of votes as the cleverest girl while Thomas Connelly carried off the honors as the cleverest boy.

Mildred Gould excels in the art of dancing and it must be admitted that one will have to go a long way to find a more pleasing dancer than she.

Harry Kiligas received the vote for the best boy dancer and as a result he has the privilege of choosing his own partners.

The subject of good nature was brought up and a vote taken. In this our good natured girl turned out to be none other than Marjorie Corbett. The best natured boy in our class is Paul Tamburello but then everyone knows that such is true.

Monica Gilmartin had things her own way and won the distinction of being the class vamp as well as the class chatter box.

The class gossip was Janet Hover. She can take away the title from any other although Louise Allen tried to get in the swim.

For the class grouch we have among us two fair damsels who would not take a single vote from the other. This turned out to be a tie between Anna Klein and Ruth Leveene.

Speaking of class nuisances we have in our midst Helen Kenney and it may also be said that she is pretty good at the art of bluffing.

Now it is a question of wits and if you can show us that there are any persons more deserving of the laurels than our chosen ones, then the task is left to you. In this art Sara Ezerow and Paul Tamburello excel.

Isabelle McKinnon was chosen the cutest girl and this selection is heartily agreed to.

The cutest boy in the class is none other than Earl Meyer.

We did not think that there was any such thing as a teacher's pet but I see that in this we were mistaken for the teachers have taken quite a liking to one of our midst and that is Frank Steady.

Fashions take an important place whenever girls meet and in the discussion of fashions it must be admitted that Ruth Sheldon is the one that can show them all a little style.

Then too there was pretty close rivalry among the girls to see who would carry off the honors as the most attractive girl but the votes that were counted showed beyond a doubt that this honor was to be taken by Mildred Gould. The most attractive boy in the class was Frank Steady and it is now being wondered if the two above named persons will enter the movies as a result of this. I do hope that they will not get "swelled heads" but then they are both well liked and probably would still hold our hearts if they did get a little in the air.

The shortest girl in the class is Sara Evzerow, and the shortest boy is Robert Carrow.

The tallest girl in the class is Clarice Frissell and the tallest boy is Anthony Mirabello.

The quietest girl in the class is Dorothy Barnes and her partner in quietness is Raymond Hand.

The oldest girl in our class is Ruth Sheldon and the oldest boy is Raymond Hand.

The youngest girl in the class is Anna Cox while the youngest boy is Robert Carrow.

Bobbing the hair was not popular with one of our members as is shown by the luxuriant tresses of Doris Carmel. Then to take the opposite side of the question there is Dorothy Dennison with her shorn locks. Doral Halperin carried off the honors as having the prettiest hair and it might also be added that it is bobbed.

Then to speak of penmanship these honors were given to Mildred Gould although the class boasts of numerous "fair writers".

We have all listened spell bound to Anna Klein's stories and to Thomas Connelly's stories of law and bold adventure and now to them the crown of class author and class authoress is given.

The class typist is Ruth LeVeene although we have several that have made good in this line of endeavor.

Our lawyer is Thomas Connelly and to him we can look for the stories that will some day make him famous.

Then of course no class is complete without its class joker and this is no joke Monica Gilmartin has them all stopped in this art.

Remember the speeches made by Dorothy Denison as Hamlet. Who could forget the thrilling way in which they were delivered to an appreciative audience? She without a shadow of doubt carries off these honors.

When looking for a wife do not overlook Meta Isringhaus for she is the class housekeeper and a mighty good one so they say.

We have also an athlete in this class of '23 and Paul Tamburello is the only one so it appears.

We also have a songbird in the class and this is Ruth Leveene.

Ruth Sheldon carried off the laurels as the girl with the prettiest teeth and if you have any doubts as to the truth of this kindly take a look for yourself.

The heaviest girl in the class is Anna Klein and speaking of opposites we have the thinnest girl who proves to be Eloise Larkin.

Tina Callo has the prettiest eyes in the class and this is disputed by none.

The bachelor girl and bachelor of the class are Hope Otis and Raymond Hand.

Clarice has a complexion that is envied by all of her classmates and allow me to introduce to you the girl with the perfect complexion Miss Clarice Frissell.

It must be that in order to be a good dancer one must have small feet for the girl in the class that won the distinction of having the smallest feet also won the laurels for being the best dancer. This is Mildred Gould and she can easily take all records for it may be said that she can wear size 2 shoe any day, a modern Cinderella as you might say.

Then we have one with "larger understandings" that is Anthony Mirabello and to save embarrassment I will not tell you the size of shoe that he really does wear.

The class color was voted and the result was that most everyone liked blue. Dancing is the favorite sport and to take in the modern diversion of the movies we have voted upon two favorites Thomas Meighan and Norma Talmadge.

Paul Tamburello,
Written by Mildred Gould

Class Prophecy

The four happy years I had spent with my comrades were over, I had been graduated. Sighing and sorrowful I sought to be alone, to dream and to meditate on what had been and to visualize what was to be. An unseen power drew me to the garden and to the fountain that played in its midst. The sprays seemed to beckon my thoughts onward. Each spray held a curious fascination for me, gently soothing my tired spirit. Each silvery drop as it was freed from its bondage, slowly and gracefully rose before me and as I gazed into its depths, I saw in its glistening magnitude a fleeting vision of what Fate had decreed for the glorious Class of 1923.

First, I saw myself, and it was my fate to travel around the continent; thus it happened I met again my former classmates.

I first visited Kalamazoo, and as I stepped off the train, a huge poster attracted my attention. On this poster were these words: "Visit the Famous Dancing School for Elephants." My curiosity being aroused I followed the directions and soon came to a vast estate, can you imagine my surprise when I found Louise Allen conducting the dancing school for elephants, specializing in toe dancing.

Louise had as a partner Gladys Anthony; now Gladys had been working for many years trying to write a book and at last had finished it. Her book is a great masterpiece and is called "How to be Happy Though Married."

I happened to arrive in town on a Saturday; the following day I went to church with Louise and Gladys. To my infinite surprise, the new minister was

none other than Louis Wilbrandt. His sermon was a great success, his text being, "The Aftermath of Ice-cream Sodas." I was so impressed by the sermon that I did not notice the young lady, who must have come in late, and was now sitting beside me. As I was leaving I stopped a few moments to congratulate Louis on his success, I saw the same young lady, standing beside him.

"Why, Dorothy Barnes?" I exclaimed, "what are you doing in this part of the country?"

She blushed and modestly said,

"Dorothy, but not Barnes, Wilbrandt is my name now."

Early the next morning I left Kalamazoo. I had forgotten my powder puff and was forced to stop at Springfield. Not knowing the way, I timidly inquired of a traffic policeman, (who, in spite of his uniform, I recognized as Clayton Miller), the way to a Beauty Parlor, for the sake of the old school days he directed me to the best Beauty parlor in Springfield—"The Fool'em Beauty Parlor." When I reached my destination, I found a large crowd gathered around the window. I pushed forward and found the attraction to be Albert Kiger, who was demonstrating a new permanent wave and a new rouge, showing the effects on his own hair and complexion. Overjoyed at the thought of seeing an old friend I entered. Appearances indicated that he was very successful. He was delighted to see me and we talked for a long time. He told me that his success was due in some measure to his clever assistants, Hope Otis, Ruth Hettstrom and Anna Cox, I also learned from him that Frank Steady had recently patented his new invention which was "A Muzzle for Hot Dogs." He has been greatly aided by Ruth.

"Ruth who," I interrupted.

"Why Ruth Sheldon of course" said Albert "the experience she had while behind the lunch counter at old P. H. S. C. proved very valuable to Steady in his invention."

Always having had a desire to visit New York, I made it my next destination. I directed the chauffeur to the Ritz Carlton and as I left the taxi a bell boy came forward to take my baggage. His slow deliberate walk seemed very familiar. The bell boy was Raymond Hand.

After my long journey I felt hungry, and went into the dining room. While waiting to be served I acquainted myself with the surroundings. The Hotel Orchestra stationed not far from my table, held my attention for some time. I glanced at the program and saw that the leader of the orchestra was Senor Antonio Mirabella, who was featuring his latest song hit "Don't chop any more wood, Mother, Father is coming home with a load." Having satisfied my craving for food, I went to the theatre, that was showing the most popular musical play on Broadway. I saw in glaring lights, "Springtime" by Thomas Connelly, featuring Helen Ringie. I could hardly wait for the curtain to rise I was so eager to see Thomas and Helen but a further surprise awaited me, for among the chorus were Lena Cooper, Dorothy Clark, Mabel Lambert and Anna Rossi. That evening there was to be added attraction to the already pleasing bill. Helen Martineau

and Monica Gilmartin in their famous interpretation "Barney Google and Spark Plug."

The next morning I was aroused by the cry of "Extra!" "Extra!" When I obtained the paper I saw in great headlines. WOMAN SUFFRAGE TRUMPHANT, META ISRINGHAUS ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. Her platform was real near beer and the abolition of graft. The new president, remembering the excellent work done by Clarice Frissel in collecting the class tax in '23, chose her for The Secretary of the Treasury, also remembering Evelyn Gooley's skill in maneuvering a canoe on the waters of Pontoosuc, she appointed her Secretary of the Navy. Recalling the feats performed by Hazel McMahon on her Lanesboro Farm, she appointed her Secretary of Agriculture Hazel showed great ability in the position, and now holds the title of being the first woman to plant lemons in a brook and get lemonade. Continuing to read the paper, I saw the following announcement: Harry Kilgas, the famous spiritualist, to lecture at Carnegie Hall this evening. He will lecture on "Spirits before and after the Eighteenth Amendment."

I remained in New York two weeks, and then continued my travels, I next went to Chicago. My first visit was to the great stockyards, where I found Helen Kenney teaching the live stock bookkeeping.

At this time there was to take place in Chicago, a great event. A fight for the heavyweight championship of the world. Jack Dempsey was knocked out in the beginning of the first round; and Earl Meyer, unheard of and unheralded, was proclaimed champion, though much credit must be given to his trainer, Robert Carrow.

Donald Reed was also in Chicago and was a daring aviator. While attempting a difficult maneuver, he was injured when his plane crashed to the ground. His recovery was due entirely to the careful attentions of Betty Williams, head nurse at the Chicago Hospital.

From Chicago I went to Philadelphia, where I found Paul Tamburella engaged in the lumber business on a small scale. He was selling matches. Paul told me that Tina Callo, Lura Lamb and Mary McCormick were in Philadelphia and had become the leaders of the Quaker Oats Ukulele Club. Sara Evzerow had become well known as a poetess, but tired of the world and its falseness, she went to Egypt as a missionary, to convert alligators into travelling bags.

At Washington, D. C. I visited all points of interest and while in the Congressional Library I came across Irene Gillet and Hazel Gibbs, who were studying medicine and had come to the library to practice, by removing the appendix from the books.

Isabelle MacKinnon had come to Washington to patent a new idea. "How to get through High School without studying."

Mildred Gould had been hired by the government to teach the Senate the Terpsichorean Art.

Dorothy Dennison and Doris Carmel are teaching school in New Haven. Mary McCarty had also desired to teach the three R's but instead is teaching Billy how to be a model husband.

Leaving New Haven I started home, but stopped first at Hinsdale, where I

met Eleanor Mackey and Dorothy Cudahy, Eleanor was running for sheriff and Dorothy for town dog catcher.

Back once more in my old Home Town I learned that Janet Hover was leading lady at the Colonial Theatre Stock Company and Marjorie Corbett was the ingenue.

Dora Halperin, who has become famous as a style creator, remained true to her Home Town and had built her great establishment in Pittsfield.

Ruth LeVeene and Eloise Larkin are farmerettes, their specialty is raising canned tomatoes.

"Anna," I heard my mother call, "what are you doing out here so late at night?"

I looked about dazed, the moon was but a faint shadow in the heavens. The fountain rose dim and beautiful in the early rays of dawn like a spirit, bringing with it the faint perfumes of heaven. With a last lingering look I slowly retraced my steps, from the land that is to be, to the land that is.

Anna Klein

Last Will and Testament of the June Class, 1923---Commercial High

Be it Remembered that We, the June class of 1923, of the High School of Commerce of Pittsfield, in the county of Berkshire in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being of sound mind and memory, but knowing the uncertainty of this life, do make this our last will and testament.

After the payment of our just debts and graduation charges, we bequeath and devise as follows:

First: To our successors we leave our faculty, of whom they should be justly proud, hoping that they will be able to absorb as much knowledge from this same faculty as we, the class of '23, have.

Second: To Miss Downs, our learned professor of English, the boys of this class leave their regrets that they could not see the points of her jokes, especially the one which ended: "That means another black line for you, Kiligas."

Third: To all underclassmen we leave the advice that they should not mis-judge their teachers merely because the said teachers happen to be a trifle ill tempered for failures in lessons, for they will be surprised to find how sweet-tempered those same teachers are when out on a sleigh ride, or dancing in the Knights of Pythias Hall, or chaperoning a theatre party.

Fourth: To Miss Mangan we leave the task of finding such brilliant workers as our class has furnished to answer emergency calls from the City Hall, the Principal's office, and sundry other places.

Fifth: To some fortunate Senior B Paul Tamburello leaves his task of dishing out food at the lunch counter each day, also the task of living up to his, Tamburello's, reputation as an eater.

Sixth: To Mrs. McCubbin, Monica Gilmartin leaves the hard job of picking a class giggler from our successors. It's easy to pick a class giggler, but not one that will live up to the heights of noisiness that Monica has attained.

Seventh: To all students who are in a hurry, Tamburello and Kiger leave the advice that haste makes waste when one tries to sneak up the wrong stairs to the typewriting room, when Miss Bligh is on guard.

Eighth: To some needy member of the Senior B Class Albert Kiger leaves his handsome features, the only proviso being that the recipient will make good use of them. Kiger also leaves his pull with Miss Powers to the same fortunate individual.

Ninth: To hard-working treasurers in the classes following us Clarice Frissell leaves her ability to collect the class tax from the members of the class.

Tenth: To all budding young typists we leave Miss O'Brien and her stock joke, "Let's see how many gold medals we can win today."

Eleventh: To all future students at this edifice dignified by the name of high school, we leave the consoling hope that when we get the control of the city of Pittsfield in our hands, we will erect a new High School.

Twelfth: To the sophomore class we bequeath the talking machine in the closet in Room 10, and, if they can get Miss O'Brien's permission, they may also make use of the same.

Thirteenth: We leave for other classes to live up to, our record for punctuality in getting to school in the morning, and our brilliant attendance record.

In testimony whereof we hereunto set our hand and in the presence of three witnesses declare this to be our last will this ninth day of June in the year one thousand nine hundred twenty-three.

June Class of 1923.

On this ninth day of June A. D. 1923 The June class of '23 of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, signed the foregoing instrument in our presence, declaring it to be their last will: and as witnesses thereof we three do now, at their request, in their presence, and in the presence of each other, hereto subscribe our names.

Thomas J. Connelly,

Notary Public.

Who's Who in the Class of '23

Louise Allen

The basement is her main resort
Sixth periods her chief delight
But giggling is her specialty
And she surely does it right.

Gladys Anthony

There's wisdom in her very look
She reads our futures like a book
To her we owe our reputation free
As the "glorious class of '23."

Dorothy Barnes

Lives there a maiden with eyes so true
That seem to pierce one through and through,
No better wife could one desire
To grace a home and to admire.



COMMERCIAL HIGH SENIOR CLASS

Tina Callo

Now, did you ever see such beautiful eyes,
In them her wealth and treasure lies
And when she turns them on the fellows—
No wonder all the girls are jealous.

Doris Carmel

Her cheery nature and sunny smile
Makes her a friend well worth the while,
Her deep blue eyes and hair of gold
Well pictures a fairy in days of old.

Robert Carrow

Thoughtful, bashful and sedate
He keeps pace with our class,
He sure does do some funny things
Of which neither you nor I can guess.

Dorothy Clark

Her brown bobbed hair is pretty
It's naturally curly too,
She trips around like a fairy
In a field that's dipped with dew.

Thomas Connelly

When it comes to any instrument
"Tom" Connelly is right there,
Don't you think he and Paderewski
Would make a lovely pair?

Lena Cooper

She is skilled in household professions
Darning socks is her only desire
Let's hope her dreams will be realized
For a husband her work to admire.

Marjorie Corbett

She sure is a taking little lass
A God sent blessing to our class
She tries her luck with every boy
And when one responds, Oh heavenly joy!

Anna Cox

She comes from Berkshire, a place not far
Every morning in a trolley car,
She works each day with her might and main
So that her carfare may not be spent in vain.

Dorothy Cudahy

"Never be blue" is her motto
"Always be cheerful and gay"
And so we will wish her the best of luck
And may her motto hold good on her wedding day.

Frank Cullen

We don't know much about him
 For he but shortly joined our course
 But we will surely take him in
 For better or for worse.

Dorothy Denison

Here's to Dorothy not very tall
 But good things come in packages small
 So cheer up, little one, our pride and joy
 For your future may be filled with a nice big boy.

Clarice Frissell

Clarice smiling, happy and gay
 Can vamp a man most any day
 This, no doubt, you will readily see
 By coming to a "type" demonstration with me.

Hazel Gibbs

"I wasn't talking" is her favorite expression
 Whenever Mrs. McCubbin begins a suppression
 But she might have saved her wind, for lo!
 When Mrs. McCubbin says "yes" there can't be "no".

Irene Gillette

Sparkling eyes and laughing lips
 She's true blue to her finger tips,
 Always willing, never shirking
 She's very happy for she's constantly working.

Monica Gilmartin

Would that I were blessed with such words
 So that fair Monica I could describe,
 She's not a girl like the modern flapper
 But more of that bewitching Cleopatra type.

Evelyn Gooley

Her word of praise is spoken sincerely
 Her handshake is that of a friend,
 The price of her friendship is valued
 Because for her kind there's a great demand.

Mildred Gould

Mildred Gould is a maiden petite
 From her crown to her dear little feet,
 So winsome, so happy, so airy,
 Oh, Mildred, you wistful eyed fairy.

Dora Halperin

There's a look in her eyes that bewitches
 There's a ring to her laugh that beguiles
 There's a world of sunshine and pleasure
 Hidden in one of her bright, sunny smiles.

Raymond Hand

"Still water runs deep" so the proverb says,
 He's the quietest boy of the '23 class
 He may not be such an up to date young man
 But take it from me he's a perfect gentleman!

Ruth Hettstrom

Full of fun, full of pep
 You don't know her as yet
 Claimed the quietest in the class
 Some mistake, eh? bonnie Lass?

Janet Hover

A girl like her will be hard to find
 For she's just like a fountain at play,
 And she fools with all the teachers
 Doesn't mind a word they say!

Meta Isringhouse

First in studies, first in sports,
 First in our friendship, first in our hearts
 For four happy years she lead our class
 Making it what it is, a rare success.

Albert Kiger

He's the handsomest of the boys
 His hair would hang in tiny curls
 But Kiger just take our advice
 Think more of the Bible and less of the girls.

Harry Kiligas

His feet were made for music
 His arms were made for—?
 But you can readily see the answer
 For he has girlies by the score.

Helen Kinney

With the teachers she sure is a favorite
 The students consider her great
 May her life be filled with sunshine
 By a bright and cheerful mate.

Anna Klein

She can write on many topics
 Either old or very new
 For she's the "cleverest" of the clever
 Picked from just a clever few.

Lura Lamb

In a little red school-house
 She'll shortly reside
 And teach Commercial subjects
 With kingly pride.

Mabelle Lambert

She follows the styles that are up to date
 Both in the ancient and modern cut
 And just because a dead ruler was brought to life
 She now wears her hair "King-Tut."

Eloise Larkin

They say she's rather quiet and shy
 And knowledge would pursue
 But I think a nice young Launcelot
 Would fill the missing clue.

Ruth Levine

She sings like the gayest of nightingales
 For her voice is a haven of rest
 Would that some of us also were
 With such wonderful talent possessed.

Eleanor Mackey

E. M. has a most winning way
 Sometimes sad, sometimes gay
 Her face is never darkened by a frown
 And her charms are quite easy to gaze upon.

Isabel MacKinnon

Isabelle, the reason we love you
 So we couldn't think any more of you
 Is because you're so sweet, from your dainty feet
 To the fluffy gold "bobbies" above you.

Mary McCarty

Like a breath of Maytime and flowers
 Fragrant violets after Spring showers,
 So winsome and true and dainty are you
 Sweet Mary the queen of the hours.

Mary McCormick

Rather bashful, rather shy
 Awful timid, don't know why
 For we all are proud to have her
 In our midst, for she is clever.

Hazel McMahon

Wistful, and winsome and sweet
 With a face we all want to meet
 You have long been enthroned in our hearts, dearest girlie
 As thy scepter of smiles, flashing pearly.

Helen Martineau

We love your wonderful smile
 Your saucy little flapper style
 Your complexion so fair, your shining bobbed hair
 To see you we'd all walk a mile.

Earl Meyer

He dreamed a dream the other night
 That Dempsey dared him to a fight
 So plucky Earl, with his muscles sound
 Knocked out J. Dempsey in the very first round.

Clayton Miller

A dreamer of dreams is Clayton
 Building castles far up in the air,
 But give him a part in "Hamlet"
 And will you believe me, he sure is right there.

Anthony Mirabella

At most of our entertainments
 He furnished all the jazz
 Did he make it snappy?
 Well! ! I guess!!!

Hope Otis

A man-hater there was all just because
 The boys used to tease her all day
 But now she is sad, lonesome and blue
 Why? because they're all going away.

Donald Reed

His ambitions are great and lofty
 His dreams run up ever so high
 For he plans to make himself famous
 By "looping the loop" in the sky.

Helen Ringie

You are the fairest of our class
 Bright and winsome little lass
 You get praise and fame galore
 Now, who could wish for any more?

Anna Rossi

Her smile spells a warm welcome
 Her jet black hair and eyes equally black
 Make her an attractive young lady
 But at laughing she is a cracker-jack.

Ruth Sheldon

Here's to a saucy, whimsical maid
 To Ruthie, we know so shy and sedate
 She's a bit of rascality, plus personality
 And her clothes? She's the class fashion-plate.

Frank Steady

Broad-shouldered, handsome and brave
 Any girl would willingly be your slave,
 Friendly, honest, and true
 We'll give him the credit that's due.

Paul Tamburello

Lives there a fellow as full of pep
As Paul Tamburello when he is set
On having some fun either in class or at a dance
And as a classmate we think he's immense!

Mabel Williams

She wants to be a pretty nurse
And wear a starchy uniform
To the handsome boys she'll give ether
To the others——? chloroform.

Lewis Wilbrant

We wonder what the attraction is
For he's longing for a farm,
Perhaps it is a maiden with
A strong, appealing charm?

Sarah Evzerow, '23



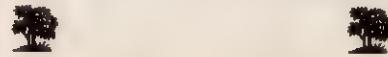
Commercial High School Students of the Class of 1923, who are in various departments of the General Electric Co. where they are training for stenographic and secretarial positions.

Front Row, Left to Right:—Mary McCarthy, Clarice Frissell, Helen Martineau, Monica Gilmartin, Dorothy Cudahy, Janet Hover, Marjorie Corbett. *Back Row, Left to Right:* Marguerite Dansereau, Laura Lamb, Helen Kinney, Ruth Hettstrom, Evelyn Gooley.

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PITTSFIELD,

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GRADUATION NUMBER



THE
STUDENT'S PEN

June, 1923



Class Roll

Pauline R. Adams
Louise Frauces Allen
Gladys Winifred Anthony
Helen Frances Armstrong
Elizabeth Leeson Bagg
Dorothy Hulda Barnes
Mary E. Beckwith
Sherman Johnson Beers
Ellen Rita Behan
Myrtle Thankful Bellinger
Alpheus C. Bemis
Hildur Anna Bergstrom
Wendell William Budrow
Tina Rita Callo
Doris Rose Carmel
Robert Henry Carrow
Josephine Ellena Ciaburri
Dorothy Julia Clark
Thomas Joseph Connelly
Lena Charlotte Cooper
Marjorie Corbett
Thomas Fielding Corbett
Anna Esther Cox
Dorothy Elizabeth Cudahy
Frank Raymond Cullen
N. Bross Decker, Jr.
Dorothy Gladys Denison
Mary Elyzabeth Egan
Alvin Justin Ericson
Sara Evzerow
Irene Catherine Fallon
Thomas Joseph Flynn
Elizabeth K. Finger
Clarice Laura Frissell
S. Frances Gannon
Hazel Grace Gibbs
Irene Margaret Gillette
Monica Agnes Gilmartin
William Gitelman
Samuel Goodman
Edward N. Goodrich
Schuyler Goodrich
Evelyn Marion Gooley
Mildred Frances Gould
William Kenneth Greene
Dorothy Harriet Hallock
Dora Constance Halperin
Raymond Egbert Hand
Ruth Alice Hettstrom
Edith Dwight Holden
Leonard F. Houser
Janet Washburn Hover
George Woodward Huddell
Meta Helen Isringhaus
Desmond Thomas Johnson
Dwight Euerle Jones
Hyman Joseph

Helen Jeanmarie Kenney
Albert Auguste Kiger
Harry Fred Kiligas
Anna Bertha Klein
Lura Lorna Lamb
Maybelle Veronica Lambert
Eloise Clarissa Larkin
Ruth Alice LeVeene
Charles Belknap Lockwood
Mary Helen McCarty
Mary Elizabeth McCormick
Hazel Anastasia McMahon
Ada Katherine McSweeny
Eleanor Dorothy Mackey
Isabel Elizabeth MacKinnon
Helen Frances Martineau
Paul W. Maynard
Florence Louise Merriam
Earl Ernest Meyer
Clayton LeRoy Miller
Anthony Salvadore Mirabella
William Ward Monks
Ina Spence More
George Edward Murphy
Clifton Nordell Nilson
Hope Esther Otis
Ruth Evangeline Palmer
William Sturges Parker
Frances Peck Pierce
Florence Evelyn Purnell
Elizabeth Francis Rainey
Donald Lockwood Reed
Helen Terese Ringie
Helen E. Ring
Elizabeth A. Roberts
Anna Marie Rossi
Ethel Elizabeth Ruesch
Warren Upton Sears
Rachel Dimick Sheldon
Ruth Amelia Sheldon
Douglas Whiton Smith
Edward H. Spall
Anna Helena Stanton
Frank William Steady
E. Harold Steenrod
Susan M. Strong
Paul Anthony Tamburello
Agnes Hall Thomson
M. Frances Tompkins
Dorothy Mary Tone
Kathryn Alberta Voilin
Celia Weltman
Kearons James Whalen
Frank Douglas White
Morton V. White
Mabel Angie Williams
Lewis Henry Willbrant

Graduation Exercises

Pittsfield High School

June Class of 1923

W

Wednesday evening, June twenty-seventh

nineteen hundred twenty-three

High School Auditorium

Eight o'clock

Program

Music,	High School Glee Club and Orchestra
March,	High School Orchestra
"For Democracy's Sake,"	Charles Belknap Lockwood
"Motion Pictures—A Medium of Education,"	Ruth Alice LeVeene
"The Rule of Fashion,"	Meta Helen Isringhaus
"Initiative,"	Dwight Euerle Jones
Music,	High School Orchestra
"Vocational Fitness,"	Lena Charlotte Cooper
"The Stranger Within Thy Gates,"	Rachel Dimick Sheldon
"Peace Among Nations,"	Frank Douglas White
Announcement of Pro-Merito Appointments and Awards,	
Dr. William J. Mercer, Chairman School Committee	
Presentation of Diplomas, His Honor, Mayor Charles W. Power	
Class Song,	Words by M. Frances Tompkins
Exit March,	High School Orchestra

Scholarship Honors

Central Building

First Honor:	Frank Douglas White
Second Honor:	Charles Belknap Lockwood

Commercial Building

First Honor:	Meta Helen Isringhaus
Second Honor:	Ruth Alice LeVeene

Pro-Merito

Pupils who have maintained a rank of 85% or over in the general average of their work for four years.

Gladys Winifred Anthony	Dwight Euerle Jones
Elizabeth Leeson Bagg	Hyman Joseph
Dorothy Hulda Barnes	Anna Bertha Klein
Tina Rita Callo	Lura Lorna Lamb
Doris Rose Carmel	Eloise Clarissa Larkin
Josephine Ellena Ciaburri	Ruth Alice LeVeene
Thomas Joseph Connelly	Charles Belknap Lockwood
Lena Charlotte Cooper	Mary Helen McCarty
Marjorie Corbett	Isabel Elizabeth MacKinnon
Thomas Fielding Corbett	Helen Frances Martineau
Dorothy Gladys Denison	Hope Esther Otis
Mary Elyzabeth Egan	Frances Peck Pierce
Thomas Joseph Flynn	Helen Terese Ringie
S. Frances Gannon	Ethel Elizabeth Ruesch
Mildred Frances Gould	Rachel Dimick Sheldon
Dora Constance Halperin	Frank William Steady
Ruth Alice Hettstrom	Agnes Hall Thomson
Janet Washburn Hover	Kearons James Whalen
Meta Helen Isringhaus	Frank Douglas White

Special Awards

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute Gold Medal for excellence in Mathematics and Science,
Dwight Euerle Jones

Maplewood Institute Association Prize Essay,
Agnes Hall Thomson

National Council for Reduction of Armaments Peace Essay
Frank Douglas White

Eighteenth Annual Graduation
OF THE
LANESBOROUGH SCHOOLS

NEWTON MEMORIAL HALL

Monday Evening, June 27th, 1927

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK

Invocation

Guilty or not Guilty	—	—	Bessie Keefner
The Village Oracle	—	—	Walter Anisovich
The Leak in the Dike	—	—	Lillian Mathes
Song— <i>Sole Mio—de Capua</i>	—	—	Center School
The Workers	—	—	Marie McMahon
As He Sees It	—	—	George McNeil
Happiness	—	—	Celia Sherman
The Legend of Bregenz	—	—	Sophie Anisovich
Piano Solo—Forest Nymph— <i>Homer</i> ,	—	—	Doris Fowler
The Little Black-Eyed Rebel	—	—	Ethelyn Hinckley
Lottie, Lizzie and Kate	—	—	Isabel Deming
Inchcape Rock	—	—	Eleanor Farnam
John Maynard	—	—	Stephen Mokowich
Song—Night— <i>Franz Abt</i>	—	—	Balance Rock School
College Oil Cans	—	—	Evelyn Mathews
Selections from James Whitcomb Riley	—	—	Katherine Truden
The Engineer's Story	—	—	Robert Armstrong
Song—Happy Birds	—	—	North Center School
Flash, the Fireman's Story	—	—	Ruth Royce
A September Gale	—	—	Sherman Andrews
Maud Muller	—	—	Mary Bolotin
Contentment	—	—	Ruth Andrews
Presentation of Diplomas	—	—	
Song—Forest Dance— <i>Targett</i>	—	—	Graduating Class

MEMBERS OF CLASS

Ruth G. Andrews	Ethelyn G. Hinckley
Sherman W. Andrews	Bessie A. Keefner
Sophie S. Anisovich	Marie N. McMahon
Walter B. Anisovich	George E. McNeil
Robert A. Armstrong	Lillian L. Mathes
Mary K. Bolotin	Evelyn M. Mathews
Isabel C. Deming	Stephen E. Mokowich
Eleanor L. Farnam	Ruth I. Royce
Doris A. Fowler	Celia M. Sherman

Katherine V. Truden